

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,049

JANUARY 4, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

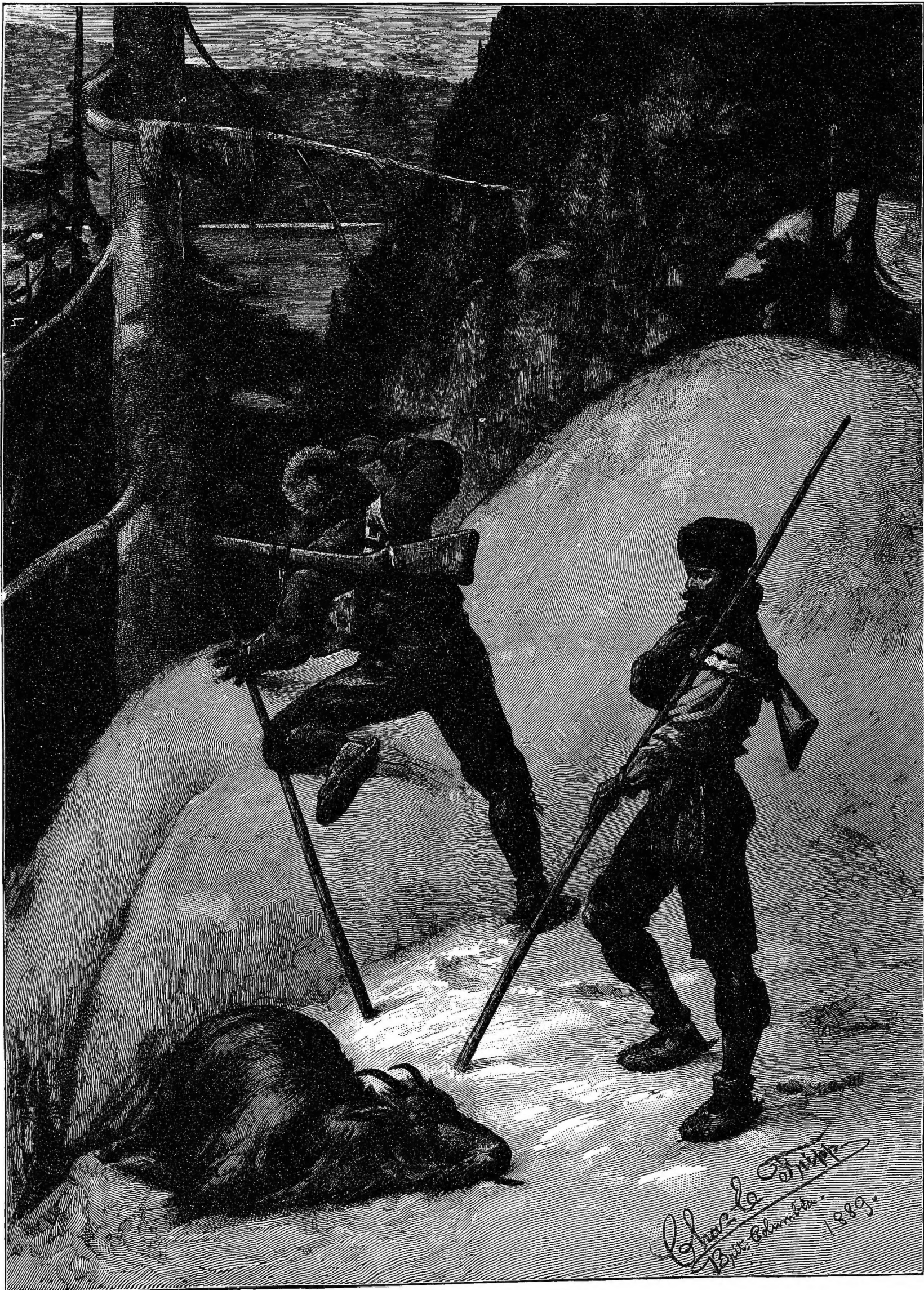
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890

THIRTY-TWO PAGES
AND TWO SUPPLEMENTS

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MOUNTAIN GOAT HUNTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

ACROSS THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP

THE GRAPHIC

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THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.—Elsewhere we review to-day the events of 1889, and no one who glances over the record can fail to be struck by the fact that, so far as politics were concerned, the year was exceptionally dull. In France, indeed, a great national decision was arrived at, but even there the Paris Exhibition excited more interest than the General Election; and in no other country did any political incident, or series of political incidents, occur that commanded universal attention. Yet it is quite possible that the year may ultimately prove to have been a more than usually memorable one, for during its progress a remarkable impetus was given to what is often vaguely called the Social Movement. We do not mean, of course, that social questions were discussed earnestly for the first time in 1889; but they sprang into far greater prominence than they had ever before occupied. Almost daily they formed the subject of articles in the newspapers; constituencies pressed them upon the attention of candidates for seats in Parliament; they were brought to the front in the speeches of several of the most eminent political leaders of the day. And it was not only in England that they awakened interest. In Germany, Belgium, and Holland all classes were forced to give heed to the demands of working men; and King Humbert, in opening the Italian Parliament, found it necessary to promise that measures relating to important social problems would be submitted to the national representatives. The movement is as far-reaching as any that has ever occupied the thoughts of the civilised world. It is evidently due to a common impulse, springing from economic conditions which, notwithstanding superficial differences, are essentially the same in every part of Christendom. Some observers, reflecting on the possible consequences of the agitation, are filled with dismay; and no doubt it is attended by obvious dangers. But there can be no real reason why, if wisely guided, the movement should not lead to the solid improvement of the circumstances of the masses of the people. What is most urgently wanted is that statesmen shall not leave these questions to be dealt with only, or chiefly, by irresponsible spouters. The issues are wholly different from those which have hitherto divided parties, and there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent the new ideas from finding as ardent advocates among the Conservatives as among the Radicals.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE.—It is fervently to be wished that this undertaking may prove a success, if only to the extent of being enthusiastically supported by the mass of the Irish people, for such enthusiasm would at all events show that they were determined to work out their own industrial salvation, instead of waiting for the adoption of political panaceas which, even if realised, will probably prove woefully disappointing. Capital is always accumulating in Great Britain, as is shown by the large percentage of it which is annually wasted in schemes which are more or less visionary or dishonest. Plenty of this capital would willingly be diverted to Ireland, if only the agitators would cease from preaching, and a certain portion of the people from practising, doctrines of plunder and violence. If the Irish Industrial League can only "catch on," it may attract the British capitalist across St. George's Channel. There is an infinity of work to be done in that green island; there are plenty of strong and willing arms to do it; and the capitalist will gladly lend his invaluable aid—provided that he can feel the same sense of security as he feels on this side of the Irish Sea. But can he? That is the crucial question. The Irish Industrial League has among its supporters Canon Bagot of Kildare, whose name, owing to his dairy reforms, is a guarantee for energy and activity; Canon Hegarty, of the Roman Catholic Church, is also a prominent member; but, with the exception of Mr. Justin McCarthy, we search vainly among the Committee men for those who ought to be affiliated to a League which is non-sectarian and non-political, and which aims at the well-being of the Irish people. Mr. Parnell, Mr. Healy, the late Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. W. O'Brien, and other shining lights of the Nationalist party are conspicuous by their absence, and therefore, as their teachings are unhesitatingly obeyed by large masses of the Irish people, we are constrained with sorrow to doubt whether the Industrial League will be a real genuine success.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.—In spite of the elaborate preparations made to insure *éclat* to the Fifth Native Congress, the meeting appears to have gone off somewhat flatly. So far as the telegraphic summaries show, the proceedings were highly respectable, but deadly dull. All the better; it was the seditious spice introduced by the more volcanic Congress-wallahs that gave their annual gathering such a bad name. Their present programme is agreeably free from ingredients of that sort; not a little of it will find plenty of support in England. The reduction of the Salt Tax should certainly be carried out as soon as the state of the finances will admit. It is an inequitable impost,

pressing very hardly on the poor, and reducing their consumption of the condiment which is absolutely required to give a relish to their monotonous food. A good deal may be said, too, in favour of the extension of the permanent settlement, while no Englishman will deny that relief to income-tax payers is always desirable. Again, public opinion here has long clamoured for the introduction of the Indian Budget at an early period in the Session, while Mr. Watherston and others have been agitating for many years to get the duty taken off silver plate. It is a pity that the Congress did not rest satisfied with this modest budget of practical reforms. The proposed reconstruction of the Legislative Council on a partly effective basis is an absurdity, as Mr. Bradlaugh would have learnt for himself had he passed a few years in the interior of India instead of merely dropping in at Bombay. As regards sanctioning native volunteer regiments, and establishing military colleges for the instruction of their officers, it will be time enough to consider this cool proposal when we find it safe to trust the Irish people with arms. Besides, this demand does not represent any real want of the Indian people. They long for cheap salt, light taxation, and brisk trade; but they do not care a maravedi for the pomp and circumstance of playing at soldiers.

FRANCE AND EGYPT.—The French have evidently begun to feel uneasy about their refusal to assent to the scheme for the Conversion of the Egyptian Debt. They meant to do us an injury by the refusal, and find that they have only injured themselves. The Fellaheen are not particularly bright or intelligent; but they are shrewd enough to understand that, if the scheme had been accepted, the burden of taxation would have been to some extent lightened. Hence they bitterly resent the conduct of France, and even call one of their taxes "the French tax." To Frenchmen this seems an extremely unpleasant state of things. It is one of their foibles that they like to pose before the world as one of the most generous of nations. On what ground this claim is supposed to rest no one has ever been able to discover. If we look back upon the course of French history, we do not find that the policy of France has been more disinterested than that of her neighbours. It has often been a remarkably selfish policy; and, even when she has appeared to act from ideal motives, she has always taken good care, in the end, to promote as far as possible her own material interests. Nevertheless she has persuaded herself that, in comparison with England, she has a national character of a noble and heroic type, and she cannot bear to think that the opposite impression prevails among the Egyptians. Besides, it is manifest that the fulfilment of her ultimate designs with regard to Egypt, whatever they may be, cannot be helped, and may be much retarded, by anything which tends to give the Fellaheen the idea that England is their best friend. So there is now a good deal of talk in Paris about the possibility of the scheme of Conversion being adopted, and it is hoped that no obstacles may be thrown in the way by this country. Lord Salisbury will, of course, be only too glad to do everything he can to bring about a result he has all along desired; but he ought to look, and no doubt will look, very closely at any conditions which may be suggested by the French Government. It will be simply impossible for him to accept terms which may either directly or indirectly seem to imply that we ought to withdraw our troops from Egypt before the task we have undertaken has been thoroughly accomplished.

CONVALESCENT HOMES.—The opening of the New Year has been pleasantly signalled by the announcement of another munificent benefaction. In this instance, the generous donor, who desires to remain anonymous, has given 100,000*l.* for the foundation and maintenance, within easy access of London, of a sanatorium for the reception of hospital patients, who are either recovering from illness, or who need bracing up to render them able to undergo some serious surgical operation. Every one who knows anything about the sick poor is aware that, although there are a good many convalescent homes at our seaside resorts and elsewhere, the demand for accommodation in such institutions is always in excess of the supply. It is also worthy of note that the convalescent home is one of the least objectionable forms of charity that can be devised. Without pauperising, or sapping the wholesome instinct of self-help, it gives a friendly lift to the bread-winner at a most critical moment, that is, when he is well enough to be discharged from the hospital, but not well enough to resume his ordinary labours without an interval of rest and fresh air. We hope therefore that the generous benefactions of wealthy men, such as this unnamed donor, and Sir Edward Guinness, will stimulate rather than check the subscriptions of persons of less ample means who have hitherto helped in this praiseworthy direction. As regards the management of the fund, in which the founder has associated with himself, as co-trustees, Sir William Savory and Mr. Cross, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, we trust that a few critical observations may not be deemed ungracious. Charities of this sort are apt to be conducted on too ambitious a scale, and a needless amount of money is often spent on bricks and mortar. Convalescent labourers and artisans do not want a magnificent building, such as

architects contemplate with rapture. They breathe more freely in a habitation which resembles their own homes as much as possible, with the addition of perfect leisure, fresh air, and pleasant surroundings. In all seaside towns there are plenty of roomy houses available, either for rental or for purchase, and the interest of 100,000*l.* would suffice for the occupation of several of these, while a very trifling outlay would effect the necessary alterations. Let our anonymous donor ponder over this advice before getting into the clutches of land-sellers, architects, and builders.

LABOUR AT BAY.—The disastrous results of some of the more recent strikes are naturally turning the minds of the trade union leaders to that consolidation of the forces of labour which has so long been in the air. So far as the central ideal goes, it looks feasible enough on paper. All the existing trade unions, and as many more as could be created, would take their orders as regards strikes from a central junta to be elected from the whole. A strike being proclaimed in some particular industry, the whole of the trade unions would contribute to the relief of the strikers until the masters gave in. And that victory being won, the same process would be applied in succession to all our other industries, until at last Capital would lie at the mercy of Labour. Fortunately for society, the jealousies and rivalries between the trade union leaders are too acute to admit of this astute plan of campaign being tried for a considerable time. In the meanwhile, Capital would do well to consider whether it could not strengthen its position by one method or another. There is one thing, at all events, that it could do, and ought to do; that is, to test the legality of picketing in its latest forms. It is beyond question that the pickets, even without resorting to threats or physical violence, habitually exercise intimidation of an exceedingly pronounced character. To point out a willing worker as a "blackleg" is a denunciation of the severest character; the stigma thus thrown upon him devotes him to the life of a pariah among his class. Hooting is another form of naked intimidation; so is pursuing a man through the streets on his way home from work. All of these operations are intended to terrify the victim into abandoning his lawful calling, and that, surely, is dead against the law. Yet we cannot call to mind one instance of a picket being prosecuted for anything short of physical violence. Capital is wont to complain that the law dealing with such offences is too lenient. That is a mistake; the fault lies with those who do not put it in force.

BRAZIL AND HER NEW RULERS.—Marshal Fonseca and his colleagues are trying hard to persuade the world that it would be impossible for an assembly of Brazilian delegates to meet before the autumn of 1890. They have not succeeded in convincing any one of the truth of this proposition. The vast area of Brazil makes some delay inevitable; but all who know the country are of opinion that a Parliament might readily have been brought together in less than six months. The Provisional Government have had the hardihood to compare the situation of the new Republic with that of England after the passing of the first Reform Bill. Of course there is no real likeness between the two cases, since the Reform Bill became law in the ordinary way, and was known to have the cordial approval of the country as a whole. The truth obviously is that the Provisional Government do not at all like the idea of having to render an account of themselves to an elected assembly. Dom Pedro, as the event proved, was anything but a strong ruler, but he was not unpopular, and it is quite possible that, if a Parliament were soon chosen, some national representatives might have decidedly rude things to say to those who so unceremoniously hustled him out of his dominions. It is possible, too, that the delegates of the richer provinces would ask inconvenient questions as to the advantages to be derived by their constituents from the maintenance of a Republican Union. The Provisional Government wish to postpone to the latest possible date the formal raising of what are certain to be extremely troublesome issues. Meanwhile their position is not likely to have been improved by the tidings of the sudden death of the ex-Empress. Many Brazilians must have had a moment of distress when they reflected that the fatal result of her malady was hastened by the calamities of the last few weeks of her life.

THREE EXECUTIONS IN ONE DAY.—On Tuesday last three poor wretches were prevented from hearing the joy-bells which rang in the New Year by the effective argument of the hangman's rope. Such a concurrence of executions is rare under the existing humane code, and it seems to prove that the crime of murder has of recent years much increased. Each of these men bore a monosyllabic name, respectively West, Brett, and Hook; each of them had murdered his wife; and each for the same alleged cause, jealousy. A woman's jealousy of a man is not unfrequently without serious foundation; but a man is seldom jealous of a woman, especially in the class of life to which these men belonged, without tolerably conclusive reasons. We do not assert, even if the allegation in each case were true, that it formed a valid excuse for murder; still, before now, both judges and juries have held that such conditions have extenuated the moral guilt of the crime. But what we do assert is, that while

these three men were hanged for their offences, two other persons who were found guilty of murders of a far blacker and more cold-blooded type were not long ago reprieved, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. We refer, of course, to the Liverpool poisoning case and the murder in the Isle of Arran. One is tempted to ask the question, How can I best indulge in murder, and yet escape the death-penalty? And the answer is, If you belong to the illiterate classes, and commit a murder which, though brutal, has no sensational interest about it, you will run a great risk of finding yourself on a platform in company with Mr. Berry; but if your murder is of such a sort that it becomes the talk of the whole country—still more, if you are a young and tolerably fascinating woman of good education—such a gust of windy sentimentalism will be aroused that your neck and the hangman's noose will never become acquainted.

TIPPOO TIB.—Civilisation must indeed be making rapid advances in Central Africa when the most famous and most powerful of the slave kings has to submit to the ignominy of being sued for damages for breach of contract. That is practically what the charge brought into Court by Mr. Stanley against Tippoo Tib amounts to. The latter covenanted to do certain things on behalf of the Emin Relief Expedition, and for the performance of this work he received a monthly subsidy. But instead of loyally carrying out the agreement, he did all in his power to ensure the destruction of the Expedition. He might therefore be indicted for something much more serious than breach of contract—something which would bring his neck into jeopardy. But Mr. Stanley, with that shrewd eye to the main chance which usually characterises him, prudently preferred to try for what was in reach. Tippoo Tib is not likely to trust his person anywhere near Zanzibar, but he has valuables there, and, should the Stanley suit succeed, they will be lost to the Tib family for ever. It is an unaccountable matter that African travellers should be so prone to place unbounded confidence in rascals whose evil deeds are well known to them. General Gordon, who certainly would not have given Zebehr Pasha a testimonial of good character, was nevertheless ready to trust his life in that worthy's power. Similarly, Mr. Stanley employed Tippoo Tib to discharge services of the most vital importance to the Expedition, although he well knew him to be steeped to the lips in villainy. This aberration of judgment can only be explained on the supposition that the great explorer saw no chance of ever carrying help to Wadelai, except by buying the friendship and co-operation of the ex-slave king. It proved a bad bargain; Tippoo Tib took the money and betrayed the trust.

GERMAN AND CZECH.—The Emperor Francis Joseph is evidently resolved that, if possible, Bohemia shall cease to be a thorn in the side of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. For a long time this province has caused him intense anxiety. A feud as bitter as that which rages between the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Ireland rages between the Germans and the Czechs of Bohemia. The Germans, disgusted by what seems to them the tyranny of their Slavonic fellow-countrymen, hold aloof from the Provincial Diet, while the Czechs have hitherto demanded the establishment of an independent Parliament at Prague. The Emperor, having decided that the demand of the Czechs was inadmissible, began to look about for some means of healing their dissensions with the Germans; and it occurred to him that the best plan would be to bring together as many of the leaders of the contending parties as could be persuaded to meet for the discussion of their respective grievances. Accordingly a Conference of Czech and German Delegates is about to assemble at Vienna. It remains to be seen whether the negotiations will lead to any serious result. The difficulties in the way are very great, for the Germans of Bohemia are generally richer, better educated, and more enterprising than the Czechs, and the subtle influence of race comes in to accentuate the differences by which they are parted from one another. The Emperor, however, is held in the highest respect by the people of both nationalities, and it is possible that he may exert a moral authority strong enough to induce them to arrive at an understanding. That the young Czechs, or Radicals, will consent to let "by-gones be by-gones" is more than any one hopes for; but much will have been gained if the more moderate of the Czech politicians are persuaded to adopt a conciliatory policy. We in England, to whom the Irish difficulty is a source of so much trouble, cannot but wish that some one were in a position to do for Ireland what the Austrian Emperor is trying to do for Bohemia. It is one of the disadvantages of the strictly Constitutional system that, when fierce disputes arise, it renders impossible the intervention of any influence raised above the passions and prejudices of faction.

OMNIBUS ACCIDENTS.—It is doubtful whether any kind of accident at home or abroad kindles such excitement among Londoners as an omnibus accident—provided that it occurs within the metropolitan area. The reason is obvious. So many of us travel by omnibus that we all see ourselves as possible victims. In connection with this Caledonian Road mishap one cannot help recalling the anecdote of the old coachman, with his respective estimate of the effect of railway and coach accidents. "If," he said, "the coach is upset,

there you are; but if the train is run into, where are you?" Last Monday's accident resulted in some broken limbs and a plentiful amount of wounds caused by shattered glass, but, up to the present time, no dangerous or fatal injuries. Matters, of course, would have been worse if the bird-fancier's shutters had been down, and the passengers sent flying through the window, among the globes of gold fish. In any case such disasters are very disquieting, and they are commoner than they used to be because of the trams. When an omnibus upset happens in London we do not say, "Cherchez la femme;" we say, "Look at the tram-rails." Any one who travels much outside omnibuses knows how often, even with careful driving, the wheel gets skidded in the tram-groove. A careless box-seat passenger may easily be jerked off by the sudden jar; and we have seen a conductor pitched off his monkey-board in this way. Add an axle-tree made brittle by frost, and you have the probable explanation of Monday's catastrophe. In most of these cases of "skidding," the rail at that point will be found to have sunk below its proper level, and the tramway companies should be sharply looked after to see that they keep their lines in good order, for, after all, they are palpable invaders of the public highway.

ADVANCE OF THE BANK RATE.—Although the directors of the Bank of England advanced the rate of discount somewhat suddenly at the last, there were not wanting predictions some days before that this measure would have to be resorted to. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street had fallen into a bad way, and, although powerful medicines were administered to her from time to time, the wane of the year saw her weaker than ever. Various causes conspired to bring about the attenuation of the Bank's resources, the principal being the increased extent of commercial transactions. The sinews of trade, as of war, are *£ s. d.*—the brisker the national business the more money is required to carry it on, and the greater the value of that commodity in the market. As a general rule, times of commercial stagnation are times of cheap money, while, on the other hand, much selling and buying cause a dearth of the exchange medium by which they are effected. It is not, consequently, an evil omen for the New Year that it opens with a Bank rate of 6 per cent.; that is not so high as seriously to check trade, while if it checks Stock Exchange speculation the world will not be much the loser. Any advance beyond 6 per cent. would, no doubt, have a restrictive effect on industry, but there is no reason to fear that calamity. As a rule, the rate recedes somewhat in January owing to an enormous sum being set free by the payment of half-yearly dividends. In December, 1874, a year whose commercial prosperity bore a pretty close resemblance to that of 1889, the rate was advanced to 6 per cent. But in January it fell to 4½ per cent., and so continued diminishing until at Midsummer it reached 3 per cent. It is true that trade was then slightly on the ebb, whereas at present it appears to have a good deal of the flood still left in it. The analogy is sufficiently close, however, to comfort those who are dreading a money famine, and they may take further courage from the fact that the record of the last quarter of a century does not show one instance of a 6 per cent. Bank rate in January.



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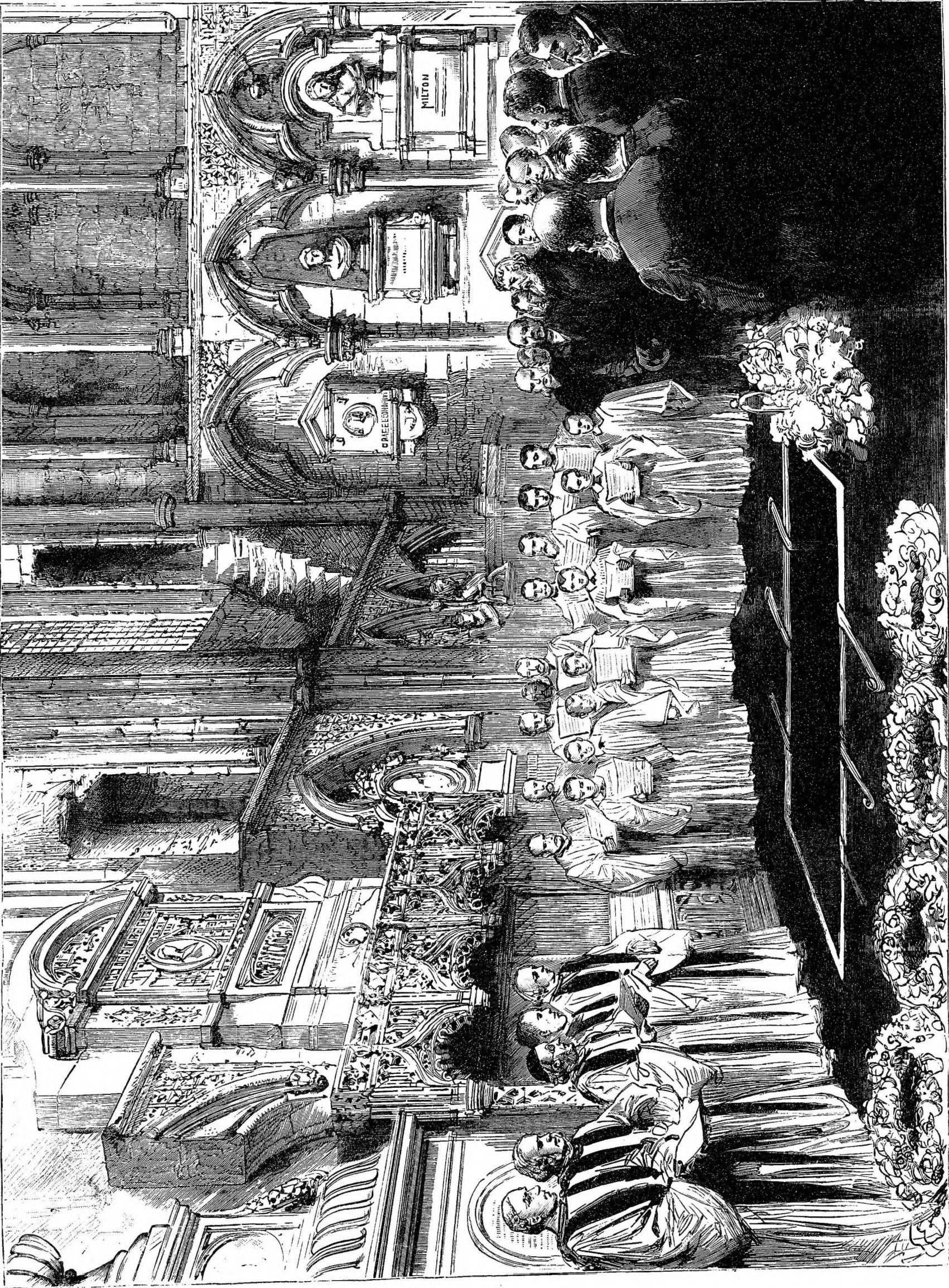
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NOTICE.—With this Number are issued, as EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, the FRONTISPIECE, TITLE-PAGE, and INDEX to VOL. XL.



MOUNTAIN-GOAT HUNTING, BRITISH COLUMBIA

In most mountainous countries there are to be found wild congeners of the ordinary domestic goat, and that part of British Columbia which is occupied by the chain of the Rocky Mountains forms no exception to the rule. All goats are fleet of foot, and fond of standing calmly on precipitous places, such as would try the nerve of the most experienced Steeple-Jack, and in these qualities the wild goats of the hills necessarily excel their tame brethren of the plains. The wild goat, therefore, both in the Old and New World, is esteemed as a meritorious sporting quadruped, because so much caution and activity is required by those who seek its life before they can come within shooting-range of it. In Mr. Frapp's picture the sportsmen have just secured one victim; and the eager attitude of the Indian—who is probably acting as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to some sporting English *milord*—shows that another member of the agile flock is visible in the distance.



THE LATE ROBERT BROWNING—THE FUNERAL CEREMONY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE GRAPHIC

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SURGEON JOHN CRIMMIN, V.C.

"NON-COMBATANTS" run a good deal more risk in the course of their duties than the world generally is aware. It is well then when a gallant deed, such as that which earned Surgeon Crimmin the coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross, draws public attention to the dangers that are braved by the nominally non-fighting portion of our forces. Surgeon Crimmin is a Dublin man, and a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, and of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland. He entered the Indian Medical Service in 1882, passing out of Netley fifth on the list. He was senior medical officer to the expeditionary force against the rebellious Karens at the end of 1883, and it was in a skirmish with the rebels on January 1st, last, that he earned his V.C. "I specially wish to bring Surgeon Crimmin to the notice of the Brigadier-General," wrote the officer commanding the Mounted Infantry, "for the gallant way in which he attended the wounded under a heavy fire. At one time, while attending a wounded man, he was surrounded by the enemy, and defended himself and the wounded man, killing some of the Karens." It is pleasant to know also that Surgeon Crimmin is as capable in the hospital as on the battlefield. "His arrangements for the comfort and disposal of the sick and wounded were," says Brigadier-General Collett, "as perfect as the circumstances of the time permitted."—Our portrait is from a photograph by G. W. Lawrie and Co., Lucknow, India.

CARDINAL GANGLBAUER,

THE late Archbishop of Vienna, who died on the 14th ult., was of humble extraction, his parents being poor peasants living at Thonstaden, Upper Austria, where in 1817 he was born. He was well educated, however, and at the age of twenty-five entered the Church. Almost immediately he became a Professor at the College of the Benedictine Monks of Kremsmunster, Lower Austria. In 1875 he became Prior, and in 1876 Abbot, being created shortly after a Peer of Austria. Five years later, on the death of Archbishop Kutschker, he became the thirty-fourth Prince Archbishop of Vienna, and in 1884 received the Cardinal's hat, an honour only enjoyed by six of his predecessors in the Metropolitan See. He had meanwhile been appointed a Privy Councillor, and had received the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold, while other honours were showered upon him. Despite them all, however, he remained the genial, modest little man who beamed kindness through his big spectacles on all beholders, and whose kindly round face seemed to breathe peace on all around him. He could be proud enough, though, when it was necessary, as he showed many years ago, when at a banquet he stoutly resisted the suggestion of a Papal Nuncio that His Holiness's health should precede His Majesty's. For these and other reasons he was beloved by all the Austrians, from the Imperial Family downwards. His body lay in state for a time in the Archiepiscopal Palace, St. Stephen's Place, Vienna, where he died, and on the 18th ult., with a simple, but none the less majestic, ceremonial, was laid at rest in the Cathedral of St. Stephen in the presence of the Emperor and a distinguished assemblage, from whom stood out conspicuously the chief mourners—a knot of poor men and women, who represented the Cardinal's own family.—Our portrait is from a photograph by G. Lippe, Vienna, forwarded to us by Mr. L. Kohn, Vienna, II. Leopoldsgasse, 24.

COUNT KAROLYI

ON December 26th, while Count Aloys Karolyi, the late Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, was out shooting at his country seat near Presburg, in Hungary, he suddenly fell, or was thrown, from his horse. He was taken up dead, but whether his death was due to apoplexy, or to the effects of the fall, was not certainly known. The deceased nobleman, who was sixty-four years of age, belonged to one of the oldest and wealthiest Hungarian families, and, owing to his genial courtesy and hospitality, was very popular both at home and abroad. In 1859, he was appointed Austrian Minister to the Prussian Court. At the Berlin Congress, being at that time Ambassador to Germany, he, together with Count Julius Andrassy, represented the interests of Austria-Hungary. In 1878, he succeeded Count Beust, as Ambassador to this country, but resigned the appointment last year on account of ill health. He was married, in 1869, to Countess Francesca Erdödy, by whom he leaves three children. It will be remembered that, on March 17th, 1880, Mr. Gladstone, who is not an authority on foreign politics, made the notorious speech at Edinburgh, in which he advised Austria to keep her hands off other people's possessions. On the 4th of May following he had to make a humble apology to Count Karolyi.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Hans Hanfstaengl, Berlin.

NAVAL VOLUNTEERS AT GLASGOW

"HARK! the boatswain hoarsely bawling" "All hands for dancing," he and his mates having previously called attention to the command by piping. Then each Jack Tar, giving a hitch-up of his trousers, threw away his quid, pulled on his kids, and, gracefully offering his partner an arm, led her away into the ball-room, and a few minutes later was waltzing round it. Add that the dancers were the Glasgow Naval Volunteers; that the ball took place at the Grand Hotel (Glasgow), Charing Cross; and that the date was December 19, 1889, and you have a short, but full, description of a very pleasant evening, which commenced too late and broke up too early. The Naval Volunteers of Glasgow number between two and three hundred, and are commanded by the Marquis of Ailsa, who every now and again gives them practical lessons in seamanship by turning his steam-yacht into a man-of-war. (Last summer they cruised thus for a month about Norway.) The surgeon, Dr. Woodburn, also at intervals has so many at a time cruising in his yacht—a 40-ton sailing yacht. As, in addition to these advantages, boating of all kinds appears to come as naturally to Glasgow young men as horsedeaiking to Yorkshiremen, we need hardly say the crew of H.M.S. *Drake*, stationed above "Jamaica Bridge," are no feather-bed sailors, though entirely different to the Jack Tars of olden times. In appearance they are very like regular men-of-war's men, except in the matter of moustache, though it looked odd at the ball to note the familiarity between officers and men. However, we understand at drill and on board ship the discipline is as strict and perfect as in the finest ironclad in the Navy.

W. RALSTON

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. BROWNING

ALL ranks and conditions of society were represented among the crowd which thronged the Abbey on Tuesday last, when the mortal remains of Robert Browning were laid to rest in Poets' Corner. Captain Walter Campbell represented Her Majesty the Queen, and among the others who stood round the grave were the French and Italian Ambassadors, the Greek and American Ministers, the Lord Chief Justice, the Warden of New College, the Dean of Christ Church, the Duke of Argyll, Earls Rosebery and Stanhope, Lords Acton, Rothschild, and Wolseley, and many distinguished representatives of Literature, Science, and Art. Soon after twelve the cortege entered the Abbey. The coffin was covered with beautiful wreaths, including one from Lord Tennyson, and the pall-bearers were Mr. Hallam Tennyson, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the Master of Trinity, Sir Theodore Martin, Archdeacon Farrar, the Master of Balliol, Professor Masson, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir James Paget, Sir George Grove, Professor Knight

and Mr. George Smith. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present, but the Service was conducted by the Dean, assisted by Canon Prothero (Sub-Dean), Canon Duckworth, Canon Furse, and Dr. Troutbeck (Precentor). First the 90th Psalm was chanted to Purcell's music; next the Dean read the appointed Bridge for the occasion. He had set Mrs. Browning's well-known poem, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," to most tender and pathetic music, and the effect was eminently plaintive and beautiful. The coffin, which was of light polished wood, and of Venetian design, was then lowered into the grave, which is situate near those of Dryden, Chaucer, and Cowley; the whole congregation then joined the choir in singing the well-known hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," the Benediction was pronounced, and to the solemn strains of the Dead March the ceremony came to an end.

THE EQUESTRIAN LION AT COVENT GARDEN

AND
THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL

See page 8.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 9.

"AN INSULT TO THE PROFESSION"

WHEN Toby, that famous and indispensable four-legged member of the Punch itinerant company of actors, is on "the boards"—that is to say, when he is performing within the curtained walls of his movable Temple of Thespis—we presume that he is legally within doors and at home, and that the Muzzling Ukase does not apply. But, if we may trust Miss Emily Lees' keen powers of observation, when he is out of doors, travelling from one "pitch" to another, he is, in the eyes of the law (as no doubt would be the reply were we to "ask a policeman"), simply like any other dog, and accordingly has, as shown in our picture, to wear the "respirator."—Our engraving is from a water-colour drawing by Miss Emily Lees.

SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS

See page 13

RUN IN BY JAPANESE POLICE

WE understand that the same obstacles are placed in the way of the foreigner who would ascend Fusi-Yama—that glorious snow-capped cone which has always been deemed the Sacred Mountain of Japan, and which has, probably, inspired the pens of more poets and the brushes of more artists than any other peak in the world—which confronted the explorer at the date of the episode represented in our sketches, some fourteen years ago. We are not altogether sorry for it, although our own feelings of disappointment and mortification at the time were bitter enough, for, according to all accounts, the Japan of romance has been of late years planned and battered down to a dead level of prosaic uniformity, and it is not to be regretted that there should be some nooks and corners of it rendered hard of approach to the modern lightning tourist. Moreover, Fusi-Yama is not the most "get-at-able" of localities, for the nearest railway station is thirty miles away (at the time of our attempted ascent, it was eighty miles off), and the intervening tract of country is rough in the extreme, quite impracticable for wheeled vehicles, and only to be traversed on foot or in that species of "Little Ease," the native palanquin or "kago"—that is to say, unless the broom of reform has swept along this as along other formerly charming and sequestered paths, and has converted what was a mere mountain-track, winding upwards and downwards amidst the most varied and beautiful scenery, into a broad macadamised road. Perhaps, too, the rural policeman has undergone translation, and is as much at his ease in the leathern boots of civilisation as his foreign instructor. The first organised body of Japanese police was recruited chiefly from the ranks of "Rōmies"—wandering children of fortune, many of them gentlemen who had been ruined during the great social and political convulsion of 1868, whose all on earth consisted of their swords. These men were armed with the orthodox police *bâton*, but they petitioned to be allowed to carry something more nearly resembling the weapon with the manipulation of which they had been accustomed since boyhood, and so were provided with stout sticks of the length and weight of swords, which they used as promptly and effectively as the modern New York policeman uses his staff. We do not suppose that a sandalled policeman is now to be met with throughout the length and breadth of Japan, but during our sojourn, fourteen years ago, the leather boot was an object of the most intense curiosity in many a village not thirty miles away from Yokohama, and we remember well one evening, when we had retired to rest after a long day's tramp, being attracted by the hum of many voices outside our tea-house, and, peeping through the sliding doors, observing that our boots, which we had left outside in deference to the invariable national custom, were being solemnly handed round the entire community amidst guttural expressions of wonder.

BEAR-SHOOTING IN RUSSIA

THE Earl of Kilmorey, to whom we are indebted for the sketches from which our engravings are executed, being in St. Petersburg last winter, was invited to join a bear-shooting expedition undertaken in the province of Novgorod, organised by Count Alexander Münster, son of the distinguished ambassador of that name, so well known to Englishmen from his long residence in this country. Lord Kilmorey kept a journal of his adventures, written in a very lively and entertaining style, but as, if given *in extenso*, it would occupy some seven to eight columns of our limited space, we are compelled here to print a condensed version, which however will, we think, suffice to elucidate the drawings.

The world is nowadays getting so thickly peopled, and travelling is so easy, that sportsmen go far a-field in search of their game. Consequently, foreigners, in rapidly increasing numbers, have fastened upon bear-shooting in Russia as a desirable sport, a circumstance not altogether viewed with complacency by native "guns," who complain that the game grows scarcer, while the prices of sledges, lodgings, beaters, &c., are raised by the competition from abroad.

As in other cold countries, Bruin in Russia hibernates during winter, and when once snug in his selected quarters, rarely quits them unless wantonly disturbed. It is remarkable that, although usually without food, he is still found in excellent condition after many weeks of somnolent starvation. It is, perhaps, the difficulty of getting at the bear, rather than the excitement of the actual encounter, which constitutes the chief charm of this sport. After travelling many weary miles through interminable forests with occasional upsets (fortunately, the soft snow breaks the fall), or sliding along over the whitened surface of the earth on snow-shoes (one of our sketches represents Count Münster shod with a pair of these indispensable appendages), after all this labour—varied with flea-haunted lodgings at night—a blank day is often the rule. Either there never was a bear in the expected spot, or he has been sacrificed to the guns of some higher bidder a few days before. At last, however, a lucky day comes, and there is a find. It takes some eighty beaters, advancing in a constantly-diminishing circle,

shouting, screaming, rattling sticks, and snapping off old guns, to disturb poor Bruin. Sometimes he even refuses to stir, and prefers to be shot sitting. But usually he comes blundering along over the snow—at a quicker pace, however, than he seems to travel—the and, if wounded in a non-vital part, is occasionally dangerous. The first bear shot by Lord Kilmorey's party was a female, and weighed about fifteen stone. One of our sketches represents a specimen of Russian scenery. Lord Kilmorey describes how on one occasion his party "emerged from the forest, on the borders of an immense clearing—a small sea of snow, possibly several thousands of acres in extent, dotted here and there with stunted seedlings, whose individual insignificance was exalted by the collective grandeur of the surrounding glades and thickets." On another occasion he describes how "as darkness came over the dreary-looking plains of snow, streaked with black and grey, the lights of a distant town began to twinkle." This sight caused great joy, as they had feared to miss the train which started thence *en route* for St. Petersburg.

Although he admits that the sport itself is often tame, Lord Kilmorey enthusiastically recommends Russian bear-shooting to those who are weary of dinner-parties, dances, and social pleasures generally. It may be suspected that the real attraction lies in the rough primitive life, the pure air, and the fatigue endured, causing the coarsest food to be eaten with relish.

THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SCHEME
SOME RANDOM NOTES

EVEN those persons whose interest in educational matters is of the most languid description must be aware that of late years various Universities in the United Kingdom have determined to extend their usefulness beyond their own regular precincts by sending forth teachers to instruct, by means of lectures, numerous young persons who have neither the time nor the means to attend the University itself, and to test the knowledge thus acquired by means of carefully-arranged examinations. The engravings here given are from sketches by the Misses Caroline H. M. and Elizabeth M. Johnstone, of Monigaff Manse, Newton Stewart, Scotland. They were made while attending a course of lectures on English Literature, which were delivered in a town in the West of Scotland. The Extension Scheme seems to be gaining ground, and classes have since been formed for the winter. The same series of lectures was repeated to a class of working-men in the evening. Our fair draughtswomen have taken a humorous view of this essentially solemn subject, and show us various phases in the career of both teachers and examinees. The sub-titles fully explain the pictures. Miss Jones, it may be remarked, is typical of her adorable sex. Few men would care to answer more questions than the required maximum; whereas there is no limit to the appetite of a girl who is fond of "doing papers."

"NEEDLEWORK"

THIS engraving is from a picture by Walther Firlé, a painter resident in that famous art-centre of Southern Germany, Munich, and was exhibited in the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall, in 1889. Let us hope that there are many interiors, both in Germany and elsewhere, where the business of needlework is carried on under conditions as pleasing as those here depicted. Here is none of the squalor and misery which Hood depicted so strikingly in his "Song of the Shirt," and of which, alas! numerous counterparts exist at the present day in all great cities. The date of Mr. Firlé's picture must probably be placed a score or two of years back, for the now universal sewing-machine is conspicuous by its absence. The women look thoroughly respectable, comfortable, and happy: one of them is taking a spell of leisure, and is reading the newspaper to her mother and sister; while the little bare-footed one, younger sister or niece, is fully as busy as the elders. The cut flowers in the vase and the growing flowers on the window-sill prove that in this humble apartment, at all events, the true objects of living are not lost in the bare struggle for existence. The moral of the picture is concisely given in the motto attached to it: "Poor and content is rich, and rich enough."

DRURY LANE PANTOMIME

THE opening scene represents Oberon's bower, and it is here that the most graceful of fairies pay court to their King and Queen, Oberon and Titania, played respectively by Miss Agnes Hewitt and Miss Marie Faudelle. The next scene shows the palace of King Henry (Mr. Harry Nicholls), and it is here that the fun of the piece begins. Our artist has chosen several subjects for illustration from this scene. The engraving on the left depicts the King's soldiers (a comical set of fellows) undergoing a course of drilling, whilst on the right are depicted Messrs. Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell as the King and Queen. Miss Harriett Vernon made a vivacious and attractive Jack, Miss Maggie Duggan looked charming as the Princess Diamond Ducky, and Mr. George Conquest, Junior's, impersonation of the Giant Gorgibuster, was most realistic, whilst Mr. Dan Leno, as the Widow Simpson, caused great merriment in the Dairy Scene. Mr. Augustus Harris this year gives us two grand pageants, "The Procession of Shakespearian Heroines" and "The Olympian Revels," both of which we illustrate.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN

THE spirit of the New Year's ceremonies observed in Japan, as regards feasting and merry-making, is much the same as in Europe, although the details may differ considerably. In the first picture workmen are seen making the rice-cakes, called *mochi*, which it is the custom to eat both on New Year's Day and throughout the month of January. Sometimes the cakes are of their natural colour; sometimes they are tinted red or yellow. Next, we have a lady returning from shopping, bearing a load of toys. The flying-stag is the favourite toy of the boys, the racket of the girls. At this time of year a stranger can scarcely pass along the streets without getting entangled in the string of a flying-stag, or receiving a playful blow from a racket. These latter implements are sometimes stained with ink. Next we have a meeting of friends in the street, ceremoniously wishing each other a happy New Year. The ornament in the foreground is artistically composed of a bundle of bamboos, into which a fir-branch is artistically twisted, the whole being placed in a small mound of earth. Tradesmen at this season make presents to their customers; and the lady on the left is carrying a large smoked fish, a frequent gift at such times. In the apartment next represented a gentleman has brought his friend a box of eggs, and the latter is about to respond by treating him to some small dried sugared fish, and other Oriental dainties. On January 3rd the tradesmen's *employés*, who are in the habit of going round to deliver goods in obedience to their customers' orders, perambulate the town in a sort of procession, receiving from the said customers "tips" in money, and occasionally drams of *saki* (a spirit distilled from rice). This is only a Japanese version of our time-honoured Christmas boxes. The Japanese Government are very anxious to encourage a taste for manly exercises among the young men of Tokio. The University Students accordingly in that city are accommodated with the use of boats by the authorities, and, in summer time, the river Sumida is covered with pleasure craft of all description. Even during the winter months regattas are held, and crowds assemble on the banks of the river to witness the spectacle.—Our engravings are from drawings by M. Georges Bigot, of Tokio, Japan.

"MRS. SIDDONS," BY GAINSBOROUGH

THIS illustration forms the frontispiece to our fortieth volume. The engraving is from a photograph by Braun, which photograph is taken from the original picture in the National Gallery. At the time this picture was painted (1784), the famous actress was in full possession of her uncommon beauty, being only twenty-nine years of age, and had also just begun to taste the delight of genuine metropolitan popularity. A few years before she had been abruptly dismissed from Drury Lane, and, though she was highly appreciated in the provinces, it was not until her return to Drury Lane in 1782, when she made her *début* as Isabella, in *The Fatal Marriage*, that she achieved a thorough London success. It may be observed that the celebrated portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, engravings of which are much commoner than of this picture of Gainsborough's, was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1783. At this time Gainsborough was at the zenith of his fame, and painted a great many portraits. Peter Pindar, the satirist, advised him to be reconciled to Nature, and to have "the modest grace" to devote his attention to landscapes. Fatigued with portrait-painting, he seemed inclined to take this advice, but his subsequent quarrel with the Academy caused the contemporary public to see very little of his future work, and in 1788 he died.



THE LATE MR. BROWNING ON FAITH AND IMMORTALITY.—

A correspondent of the *Nonconformist* sends it a letter from a lady who believing herself to be dying, thanked Mr. Browning for the spiritual aid she had derived from his poems, and expressed her satisfaction that so highly-gifted a man of genius should hold to the great truths of religion and to a belief in immortality. In the course of Mr. Browning's reply, he said: "All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of 'genius' as to permit the testimony of an especially-privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ, 'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no Man.'"

CANON WESTCOTT, preaching at Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon, in the course of a glowing eulogium on his friend, the late Bishop of Durham, thus referred to Dr. Lightfoot's reluctant acceptance of the episcopal office. "You cannot tell," he said to me, as we walked together in the garden of Trinity, on the last evening of his University life, 'what it costs me to break up the home of thirty years, and abandon what I thought would be the work of my lifetime.' But, when the choice was once made, Canon Westcott added, from that time forward Cambridge was nobly forgotten. There was not one look backward—not one word of regret.

BISHOP BARRY, preaching on Socialism at St. Saviour's, Southwark, on Sunday, pronounced it to be a foolish assertion that Christianity was in any sense a system of what was called Socialism, and that its founder was a Communist before His time. Nevertheless, feeling with some shame that, after eighteen centuries of love, Christianity had so imperfectly leavened society in regard to its duty to the poor and suffering, he could not wonder that men should, even wildly and violently, seek to redress, as they thought, abuses which stood in the way of the brotherhood of human kind. Some of the noblest and most thoughtful who dreamt of thus serving humanity were not far from the Kingdom of God.

THE DAYS OF MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY seem to be reviving. One Bishop, as recently recorded in this column, has been declaring that he owes his position to the athletic exercises of his youth, and now the Bishop of Bedford comes forward as an organiser of cricket matches. In a plea, addressed to the *Times*, for more playing fields for London the Bishop appeals to suburban and country clubs to give a share of their superior advantages as regards such fields by a more liberal distribution of challenges for matches to be played on their own grounds. They would find some East Enders, he thinks, not unworthy competitors, and he asks the masters of schools round London to encourage their young gentlemen to send a friendly challenge now and then to the "Webbe Institute," care of the Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, Oxford House, Bethnal Green.

THE OFFICE OF CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY to the Queen, vacant through the resignation of the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng, has been conferred on Archdeacon Blakeney, Vicar of Sheffield and Rural Dean.

CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR AT ST. CLEMENT DANES.—On Christmas Eve an extensive distribution of gifts (including 2,600 pounds of beef, the same number of loaves, 325 pounds of tea, and 600 yards of flannel) provided by the generosity of the commercial and professional residents in the parish, was made at the Vestry Hall among the destitute and afflicted, to the number of 1,000 families. With the surplus money collected a good dinner and entertainment will be given to between 400 and 500 boys and girls. On December 31st a Watch-Night service, held at 11.15 P.M., attracted so many worshippers that hundreds had to leave for want of accommodation. The Rector gave a stirring address suitable to the occasion, several hymns were sung, and at twelve o'clock the fine bells of St. Clement's proclaimed the commencement of the New Year. Prayer was offered that 1890 might prove a truly happy year, and then the mass of the congregation retired, the remainder beginning the New Year with the Holy Communion.

POPULAR INDIAN SONGS

BY A HINDOO

LOVE, religion, and domestic customs form the principal themes of the popular songs of India, which vary in quality from a high order of lyric poetry to the silliest doggerel, in length from a number of stanzas to the catch of a single rhyme. The great difference as between England and India in the relation of the sexes to each other, and the plainness and peculiar phraseology of the vernacular, make it difficult to give the Indian love-songs a presentable form in English. The following song refers to a well-known story, according to which Rajah Hirā Singh—a nephew and a favourite of Ranjit Singh, the father of Duleep Singh—was refused a sister in marriage by one of the Sikh nobles:—

O Hirā Singh Sardār,
Why do you deceive me?
At once are near and far,
And nor love nor leave me!
Thus you nor make nor mar
My fond heart, believe me.

I will kill my love outright,
For naught else is left me:
My weakness and your might
Of my love bereft me.

You will not keep me near,
Nor away will send me.
Love's flames devour me, dear,
Love's baleful fires rend me!
I burn upon love's pyre:
You will not defend me!
Nor quench the fateful fire,
Faithless, nor befriend me.

The loving and dutiful Hindoo wife sings thus:—

O sweetly called the cuckoo up in the mango tree
Sweet cuckoos of the gardens, hark! O cuckoo, unto me.
Many a year I've waited for husband coming to-day;
Where are the sweetest herbs for him? O, kindly cu koo, say.
Father I'll ask, and mother I'll ask, and then I'll go
To where in greenest gardens the sweetest herbs do grow.
Father and mother-in-law I'll ask, and then I'll go
To where the sweetest herbs in the greenest gardens grow.
"Too young, my dear, to gather," the gardener will pretend,
But from the old grumbler I will coax them in the end;
And cakes and herbs I'll gather upon a platter neat,
Spreading them so daintily for my brave love to eat,
And then I'll make a soft bed and soothe him into sleep;
Then to-morrow's water bring, my housewife's name to keep.

The custom of swinging in the month of Sāwan (July-August), when the rains are usually at their height, has given rise to many pretty catches. It is done for luck, apparently, much like the eating of Christmas pies in England, and, like most customs of this sort, generally confined to women and children. There is a song sung on these occasions by the children, bearing allusion to the advent of the wagtails as a sign of the approach of the Doll Fair, which is held in connection with the Swinging Festival:—

Fly, fly, fly the wagtails so;
Mother, 'tis the rainy month;
Mother, 'tis the rainy month;
Yes, my darling mother, O,
Fly, fly, fly, the wagtails so;
Mother, we must go and swing;
Mother, we must go and swing;
Yes, my darling mother, O,

The religious songs well illustrate the two-fold character of the religion of the Hindoo peasant; the purely monotheistic, tempered by fatalism, and the grossly idolatrous, overloaded with superstitions. Here are some specimens:—

The parrot in the mango tree,
The starling in the hedge below,
Pours forth his melody of song,
His careless happiness to show.
So do ye to the mighty God
Your hymns of thankfulness upraise,
For the great night is passing long,
And short the measure of your days!
Come, parrot, to my tempting cage;
I've rice and sweetest milk for thee;
Come, starling, too, and pipe thy song
For choicest butter-cakes from me.

Siva (Shankar), one of the Hindoo Trinity, is generally represented in pictures as under the influence of the well-known intoxicating liquor *bhāng*, in the conception of which he is helped by his consort, Pārbatī, whilst their son, Ganpat, looks on—

From his matted hair and knot the Ganges flows,
While Shankar strains the *bhāng*.
Pārbatī has taken the straining-cloth,
And Ganpat sits and looks on.
Beneath is the wooden bowl and the brass cup near;
Taking the *bhāng* into his hand he strains.
Wearing his necklace of skulls and sacred earrings,
He talks what his mind desires.
A follower fans him behind,
With a rosary in his hand.
His bull sits in the yard,
Placing his hoof in front of him.

The next one is a widely-known stanza, bearing on proverbial philosophy:—

Youth will not always stay with us;
We shall not always live;
Rain doth not always fall for us;
Nor flowers blossoms give.
Great Kings not always rulers are;
They have not always lands
Nor have they always homes, but know
Sharp griefs at strangers' hands.

The most characteristic Indian folk-songs, however, are those in connection with the daily occupation of the humbler class of women. The following catch is intended for lightening the monotony of the spinning of yarn:—

A-humming goes the spinning-wheel;
And all to pass the time!
A-whizzing, whizzing goes the reel
And all to pass the time!
The spin-wheel mocks the needles' song;
And all to pass the time!
With supple arms we spin along;
And all to pass the time!

The Hindoo peasant woman, especially in the North, is not so down-trodden as some would suppose:—

All day long my skeins I make;
Nor kisses give, nor kisses take!
Why should I for another weep,
Nor in my heart my secrets keep?
All day long my skeins I make, &c.
In my own house the Queen am I;
Shall I then for another sigh?
All day long, &c.
Shall I fall into another's snare?
Pass my life in another's lair?
All day long, &c.
Will that other be ever true?
When I go hence, will he go too?
All day long, &c.
And what is marriage here below?
What but barter of bliss for woe?
All day long, &c.
I do what duty may befall,
And thus I know no fear at all.
All day long, &c.
I that bow to my God alone
Shall I a man for master own?
All day long, &c.
Dust turns to dust, and dust am I,
Why should my dust for marriage sigh?
All day long my skeins I make, &c.

Of the same nature as these are the songs connected with the grinding of corn, one of the hardest daily toils of the poor women of India. The girls and young women beguile themselves with love songs,

and the old women lighten their task with moral verses. I give below a specimen of either kind:—

I turn and turn, and turn the mill,
And show my budding charms;
But what's the use of showing them,
And wearing my arms?
I'll up and put the stones away;
I have no heart to grind to-day!
I wait and wait, and wait my love,
But duty keeps him still,
Nor hand nor arm will move to-day!
I cannot turn the mill.
I'll up and put the stones away;
I have no heart to grind to-day!

And—

While the mill is working well,
Your fond friends come to grind.
Come sickness, and in other mills
Your friends their profit find.
The world's mill lives but in the world,
With us it will not go.
'Tis when the soul would wing its flight
That its false self we know.
Within the mill, for daily bread,
Our petty lives we fret;
Yet, since from parting is no return,
The parting we regret.
And yet the mill is a sorry thief,
A cheat that all deceives,
A coward, in the hour of need,
A dearest friend that leaves.
So let it go its way, and trust
The God that is your friend,
That, every moment of your life,
Is true unto the end.

D. N. D.



CAPTAIN O'SHEA, the negotiator of the Kilmainham Treaty, has filed a petition in the Divorce Court against his wife, Mr. Parnell, M.P., being the co-respondent.

HENRY GEORGE WIER, compositor, has been brought up at Bow Street, charged with having, at the labour demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday, December 22nd, advised the assassination of Mr. Livesey, of the South London Gas Company. In his speech on that occasion he was alleged to have used the following language with reference to Mr. Livesey:—"I say he has no right to live, and I say that the man would be a hero who went to-night and murdered him." The prisoner was remanded, bail being refused. During the proceedings a statement was made on the part of the London Society of Compositors that they were not represented in any way at the Hyde Park meeting, and that any opinions expressed by Wier were his own individual opinions. At that meeting Wier is alleged to have said that he represented the 8,000 men of the Compositors' Union, and that they were prepared to stand to the utmost by the gas-strikers.

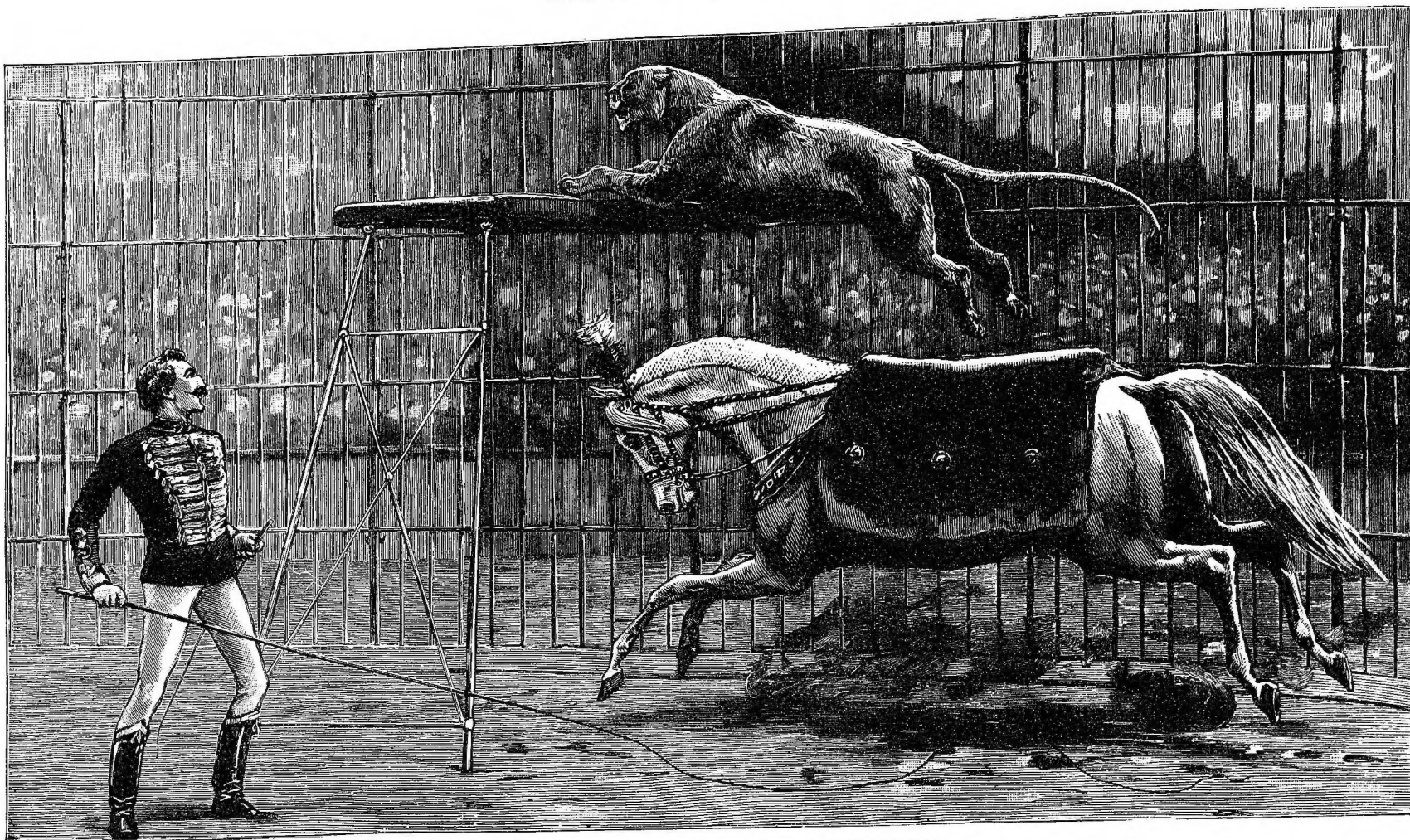
THE SECURITY OF PILLAR-BOXES is a matter of very general interest. A number of letters have been stolen of late from those in a district extending from Balham to Putney. A young man was charged at the Wandsworth Police-Office this week with a theft of the kind at Balham, and he is supposed to have been the perpetrator of all of them. On his person were found just the articles with the aid of which the thefts might have been effected—a piece of lead tied to a string and a tin of birdlime. The magistrate committed him for trial, refusing an application for bail.

THREE MEN WERE EXECUTED ON TUESDAY, two of them, West and Bratt, at Leeds, the other, Hook, at Maidstone. All three had murdered their wives in fits of jealousy, and admitted their guilt.

IN THE RECORDERSHIP OF PONTEFRAC, Mr. T. R. Drake succeeds Judge J. H. Cadman, resigned.

THE KINGS OF PORTUGAL are considered to hold their authority by the will of the nation, not by Divine Right, like other Sovereigns, so the "proclamation" of a new Portuguese monarch is more of a civil ceremony than the religious "coronation" customary in most countries. The first King, Alphonso, was "proclaimed" by his soldiers on the field of battle, after a brilliant victory over the Moors in 1139, and this tradition of the popular choice was maintained when the House of Braganza came into power by John IV. driving out the Spaniards in 1640. The King, therefore, takes his Constitutional Oath in the Cortes, standing on his throne, and holding his sceptre in his left hand, whilst his right is laid upon a crucifix and an ancient missal containing the Scriptures. This missal belonged to one of the earliest Portuguese Sovereigns, and is only used at the accession of a new Monarch, being treasured as the most beautifully illuminated volume in the world. After the oath, the President of the Cortes proclaims the King, and the Lord High Constable, surrounded by Heralds, makes the same proclamation to the crowd outside, waving the Royal flag meanwhile.

THE ARTISTIC WORLD IN PARIS is disturbed by a serious split among the most prominent painters of the day. Since the Government handed over the management of the annual Salons to the artists themselves, there have been great heart-burnings and jealousies about the favouritism shown to pupils in the studios of certain artists who were on the jury of admission. Thus the "Society of French Artists" gradually became disunited, till an open rupture occurred through the Exhibition awards. One party, headed by M. Bouguereau, wished to ignore the awards to foreign artists, which, on the principle of the Salon distinctions, would enable their possessors to exhibit at the Salon without their works being submitted to the jury. They argued that if the 423 foreigners who had been rewarded sent their full complement of works to the annual display, there would be little room left for rising young French artists, considering the number of exemptions enjoyed by their own countrymen. Altogether, 1,500 artists would be entitled to exhibit, while only 2,500 pictures are received. The members of the Exhibition Art Jury, under the leadership of M. Meissonier, objected to their awards being set aside as a slight on their honour, but at the general meeting of the Society the verdict was given against them by an immense majority. MM. Meissonier, Carolus Duran, Puvis de Chavannes, and other well-known men at once resigned, and interviewed the Fine Art Minister to explain their position. They now propose to establish a rival artistic Society which shall hold a second Salon, but award no distinctions. M. Bouguereau and his party, however, are trying to bring about a compromise, on the principle that no artist whatever shall be exempted from having his pictures examined by the jury.



THE EQUESTRIAN LION GOING THROUGH HIS PERFORMANCE

THE CIRCUS AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

THE EQUESTRIAN LION AT COVENT GARDEN CIRCUS

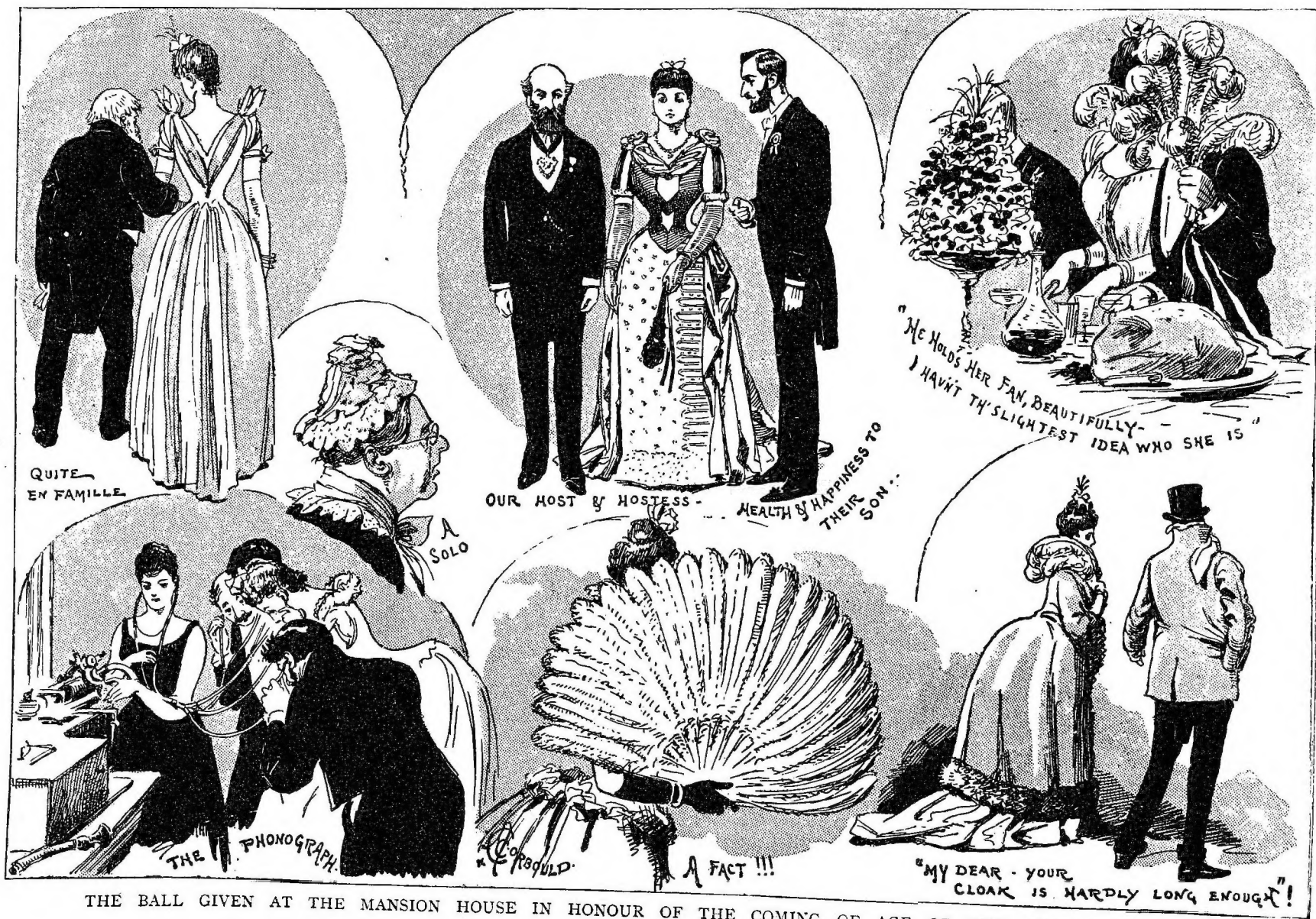
CIVILISATION is certainly pushing on apace. Last year, at Covent Garden Circus, we had the bear who took his daily ride on horseback, with the exercise of "balloon" jumping. This year we have presented to us the "Equestrian Lion" of Herr Hagenberg in the same arena. A roomy caged-chamber, rapidly constructed before the audience with sections of closely-barred ironwork, is erected in the middle of the ring, and, when duly roofed with the same material, is at once occupied by Herr Hagenberg and the horse. A small cage is next run into the ring, and, being clamped against the doorway of the barred enclosure, from it the lion and a large boarhound make their *entrée*. The lion, it is true, is a lioness, but that is a small point. The entertainment itself is an exhibition of pluck and training combined in a manner that has probably not been known before in the annals of the "Ring." The Herr is a man who treats a

lioness with as little ceremony as he would a performing poodle, and the horse exhibits a docility and *sang froid* when bearing his feline rider which are surprising.

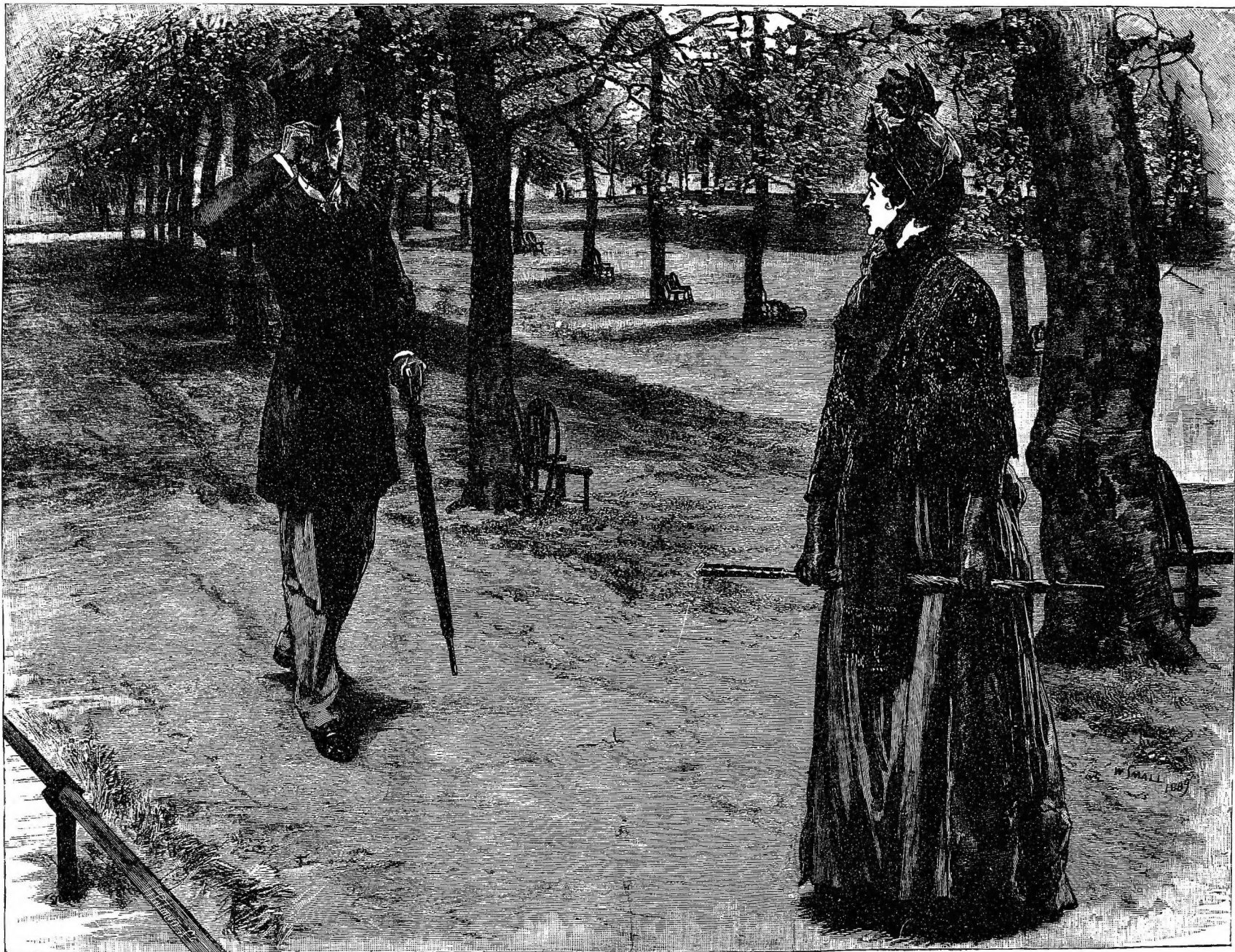
THE MANSION HOUSE BALL

ALREADY Lord Mayor Sir Henry Isaacs has shown that he intends fully to maintain the traditions of the Mansion House in the matter of hospitality. It was no civic function, however, which on Monday last week brought together a large and goodly company in the Egyptian Hall, but a very important domestic event in the family life of the host—nothing less, in fact, than the coming-of-age of his second son, Mr. Joseph Alexander Isaacs. It is not easy to fill the Mansion House, especially when, as on this occasion, the whole suite of rooms is thrown open, but on Monday week it was filled, and more than filled. Among the 850 guests who accepted invitations, all phases of London society were represented, besides any number of City magnates. Lord

Napier of Magdala represented the Army, the Turkish Ambassador was there for Diplomacy, Art sent Sir Frederick Leighton; Music, Sir Arthur Sullivan; and Medicine, Sir Morell Mackenzie; while members of Parliament were almost as numerous as waiters. The guests were received in the Saloon by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, assisted by the Sheriffs, Mr. Alderman Knill and Mr. Harris. At ten o'clock dancing to the strains of the Coldstream Guards' band began in the Egyptian Hall; but for those who did not care to dance, or could not for the press, for the Egyptian Hall was not large enough for all the would-be dancers present, other amusements were provided. The phonograph, without which no fashionable entertainment is nowadays complete, held audience in one room, while in another a vocal and instrumental concert was provided. Last, and less than ever least, a supper worthy of the Mansion House, the highest praise which can be accorded to such a feast, was served in the old ball-room. Small wonder that it was a case of "There's Paul's going two" before the last of the guests departed.



THE BALL GIVEN AT THE MANSION HOUSE IN HONOUR OF THE COMING OF AGE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SON



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

She turned quickly, and, when she saw who it was, her face paled with alarm.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHANGES

SHORTLY after ten on the Wednesday morning a young gentleman clad in travelling costume drove up to the door of a house in Edgeware Road, got out of the hansom, stepped across the pavement, and rang the bell. The smart little maidservant who answered the summons appeared to know him, but was naturally none the less surprised by so early a visit.

"Miss Burgoyne isn't down yet, sir!" she said, in answer to his inquiries.

"Very well, I will wait," said the young man, who seemed rather hurried and nervous. "Will you tell her that I wish to see her on a matter of great importance. She will know what it is."

Well, it was not the business of this rosy-cheeked maid to check the vagaries of impetuous lovers; she merely said—

"Will you step up-stairs, sir: there's a fire in the morning-room."

She led the way, and when she had left him in the bright little chamber—where breakfast-things for one were laid on the table—she departed to find, perhaps to arouse, her mistress. The young man went to the window, and stared into the street. He returned to the fire, and stared into the red flames. He took up a newspaper that was on the table, and opened it, but could not fix his attention. And no wonder; for he had just succeeded to a baronetcy and the extensive Petmansworth estates; and he was determined to win a bride as well—even as he was on his way to his father's funeral.

Miss Burgoyne was some considerable time before she came down; and when she did make her appearance she seemed none too well pleased by this unconscionable intrusion: at the same time she had paid some little attention to her face, and she wore a most charming tea-gown of pink and sage green.

"Well?" she said, rather coldly. "What now? I thought you had gone over to Paris!"

"But don't you know what has happened!" he said, rather breathlessly.

"What has happened?"

He took up the newspaper, opened it, and handed it to her in silence, showing her a particular paragraph.

"Oh?" she said, with startled eyes, and yet she read the lines slowly, to give time for consideration. And then she recollected that she ought to express sympathy. "I am so very sorry—so sudden and unexpected—it must have been such a shock to you."

But," she added, after a second,—"but why are you here? You ought to have gone home at once—"

"I'm on my way home—I only got the telegram yesterday afternoon—I reached London this morning," the young man said, disconnectedly: all his eager and wistful attention was concentrated on her face: what answer was about to appear there to his urgent prayer? "Don't you understand why I am here—dear Kate?" said he, and he advanced a little, but very timidly.

"Well, really," said she, for she was bound to appear a trifle shocked, "when such a dreadful thing happens—your father's sudden death—really I think that should be the first thing in your mind—I think you ought not to delay a moment in going home—"

"You think me heartless—but you don't understand," said he, eager to justify himself in her eyes, "Of course I'm sorry. But my father and I never got on very well. He was always trying to thwart me—"

"Yes, but for the sake of mere outward form and decency," she ventured to say.

"That's just it!" he said quickly. "I'll have to go away down there; and I don't know how long I may be kept; and—and—I thought if I could take with me some assurance that these altered circumstances would weigh with you—you see, dear Kate, I am my own master now—I can do what I like—and you know what it is I ask. Now tell me—you will be my wife! I can quite understand your hesitating before; I was dependent upon my father; if he had disapproved there might have been trouble; but now it is different—"

Miss Burgoyne stood silent, her eyes fixed on the floor, her fingers interclasped. He looked at her. Then finding she had no answer for him, a curious change of expression came over his face.

"And if you hesitate now," he said, vindictively, "I know the reason, and I know it is a reason you may as well put out of your mind. Oh, I am quite aware of the shilly-shallying that has been going on between you and that fellow Moore—I know you've been struck, like all the rest of the women—but you may as well give up that fancy. Mr. Moore isn't much of a catch, *now*!"

She raised her head, and there was an angry flash in her eyes that for a second frightened him.

"Magnanimous!" she said, with a curl of her lip. "To taunt a man with being ill!—when perhaps he is lying on his death-bed!"

"It is not because he is ill," he retorted; and his naturally pale face was somewhat paler, "I dare say he'll get well enough again."

It is because he is dead broke and ruined. And do you know who did it?" he went on, more impetuously still. "Well, I did it! I said I would break him; and I broke him. I knew he was only playing with you and making a fool of you; and I said to myself that I would have it out with him—either he or I would have to go to the right about. I said I would smash him; and I have smashed him. Do you see this cheque? That was waiting for me at my rooms this morning. Eleven hundred pounds—that was two days' work only; and I had plenty more before. But do you think it is his cheque? Not a bit! It is drawn out by a friend of his. It is lent him. He is just so much the more in debt; and I don't believe he has a farthing in the world. And that's the wonderful creature all you women are worshipping!"

Now this foolish boy ought to have taken care; but he had been carried away on a whirlwind of jealous rage. All the time that he was pouring forth his vengeful story, Miss Burgoyne's face had become more and more hard. And when he ceased, she answered him, in low and measured tones that conveyed the most bitter scorn.

"Yes," she said, "we women are worthy of being despised, when—when we think anything of such creatures as men are capable of showing themselves to be! Oh, it is a fine time to come and boast of what you have done, when the man you hate—when the man you *fear*—is lying ill, delirious, perhaps dying. That is the time to boast of your strength, your prowess! And how dare you come to me," she continued, with a sudden toss of her head, "with all this story of gambling and debt? What is it to me? It seems that is the way men fight now—with a pack of cards! That is fighting between men—and the victor waves a cheque in triumph—and comes and brags about it to women! Well—I—I don't appreciate—such—such manliness. I think you had better—go and see to your father's funeral—instead of—of bringing such a story to me!" said Miss Burgoyne, with heaving bosom; and it was real indignation this time; for there were tears in her eyes as she turned proudly away from him and marched straight for the door of the room.

"For Heaven's sake!" he cried, intercepting her. "Kate, I did not mean to offend you! I take back what I said. How could any one help being jealous—seeing your off and on relations with him all this time; and you would never say one thing or another. Forgive me—"

She turned to him, and there were still indignant tears in her eyes. "It isn't fair!" she said. "It isn't fair!—he is ill—you might have a little humanity—"

THE GRAPHIC

10

"Yes, I know," he said, quite humbly and imploringly (for this young man was in a bad way, and had lost his head as well as his heart). "And I didn't mean half what I said—indeed I didn't! And—and you shouldn't reproach me with not going at once down to Petmansworth, when you know the cause. I shall be among a lot of people who won't know my relations to you—I shall have all kinds of duties before me now—and I wanted to take with me one word of assurance. Even if it was only sympathy I wanted, why should I not come first to you, when you are the one I care for most in the world? Isn't it a proof of that, when my first thought is of you, when this great change has taken place? Don't you see how you will be affected by it—at least, if you say yes. I know you are fond of the theatre, and of all the flattery you get, and bouquets, and newspaper-notice; but you might find another way of life just as satisfying to your pride—I mean a natural pride, a self-respect such as every woman should have. Oh, I don't mind your remaining on the stage, for a time, any way; we could not be married for at least six months, I suppose, according to usual observances; but I think if you knew how you could play the part of great lady down at Petmansworth, that might have as great attraction for you as the theatre. I was considering in the train last night," continued this luckless youth—studying every feature of his mistress's face for some favourable sign of yielding—"that perhaps you might agree to a private marriage, in a week or two's time, by private licence; and we could have the marriage announced later on—"

"Oh, Percy, you frighten me," said the young lady, whose wrath was clearly being mollified by his persuasive words—or perhaps by other considerations. "I couldn't think of such a thing! Oh, no, no! What would my people say? And what would the public say, when it all came out?"

"I only offered the suggestion," said he submissively. "It would be making everything sure, that was all. But I can quite understand that a young lady would rather have a grand wedding, and presents, and a list of friends in the *Morning Post*: well, I don't insist; it was only a fancy I had, last night in the train; but I am sure I would rather study your wishes in every respect."

She stood silent for a little time, he intently waiting her answer.

"It is too serious a matter for me to decide by myself," she said at last, in a low voice.

"But who else has any right to interfere!" he exclaimed. "Why should you not decide for yourself? You know I love you—you have seen it—and I have waited and waited—and borne with a good deal. But then I was hardly in a position to demand an answer; there would have been some risk on your part; and I hesitated. Now there can be none. Dear Kate, you are going to say one word—and I shall go away down to all this sad business that lies before me with a secret comfort that none of them will suspect."

"It is too sudden, Percy," she said, lingeringly; "I must have time to consider—"

"What have you to consider?" he remonstrated.

"A great many things," she said, evasively. "You don't know how a girl is situated. Here is papa coming to town this very morning—Jim and Cicely have gone up to Paddington to meet him. Well, I don't know how he might regard it. If you wanted me to leave the theatre altogether, it would make a great difference: I do a good deal for Jim and Cicely—"

"But, Katie," he said, and he took her hand in spite of her, "these are only matters of business! Do you think I can't make all that straight? Say yes!"—and he strove to draw her towards him, and would have kissed her, but that she withdrew a step, with her cheeks flushing prettily through the thin make-up of the morning.

"You must give me time, Percy," she said, with downcast eyes.

"I must know what papa says."

"What time?"

"Well—a week," she said.

"A week be it: I won't worry you beyond your patience, dear Kate," said this infatuated young man. "But I know what you will have to say then—to make me the happiest of human beings alive on this earth. Good-bye, dearest!"

And with that she respectfully kissed her hand, and took his leave; and so soon as she was sure he was out of the house, she rang for breakfast, and called down to the little maid to look sharp with it, too. She was startled and pleased, in one direction; and, in another, perhaps a trifle vexed; for what business had any man coming bothering her with a proposal of marriage before breakfast? How could she help displaying a little temper, when she was hungry, and he over-pertinacious? Yet she hoped she had not been too outspoken in her anger—for there were visions before her mind that somehow seemed agreeable.

That was another anxious day for those people in Piccadilly; for the fever showed no signs of abating, while some slight delirium returned from time to time. Nina, of course, was in constant attendance; and when he began, in his wanderings, to speak of her, and to ask Maurice what had become of her, she would simply go into the room, and take a seat by the bed-side, and talk to him just as if they had met by accident in the Piazza Cavour. For he had got it into his head now that they were in Naples again.

"Oh, yes, it is all right, Leo," she would say, putting her cool hand on his burning one, "they will all be in time, the whole party; when we get down to the *Risposta*, they will all be there; and perhaps Sabetta will bring her zither in its case. Then there will be the long sail across the blue water; and Capri coming nearer and nearer; then the landing, and the donkeys, and the steep climb up and up. Where shall we go, Leo?—to the Hotel Pagano, or the Tiberio? The Pagano?—very well, for there is the long balcony shaded from the sun, and after luncheon, we shall have chairs taken out—yes, and you can smoke there—and you will laugh to see Andrea go to the front of the railings, and sing 'Al ben de tuoi qual vittima,' with his arms stretched out like a windmill, and Carmela very angry with him that he is so ridiculous. But then no one hears—what matter?—no one except those perhaps in the small garden-house for the billiard. Will there be moonlight to-night before we get back? To-morrow Pandiani will grumble. Well, let him grumble: I am not afraid of him—no!"

So she would carelessly talk him back into quietude again; and then she would stealthily withdraw from the room, and perhaps go to the piano, and begin to play some Neapolitan air—but so softly that the notes must have come to him like music in a dream.

Lord Rockminster called that afternoon, and was shown upstairs.

"I am going down to Scotland to-night," said he to Maurice, "and I have just got a telegram from Miss Cunyngham—you may have heard of her from Mr. Moore?"

"Oh, yes," Mangan said.

"She wishes me to bring her the latest news."

Well, he was told what there was to tell—which was not much, amidst all this dire uncertainty. He looked perplexed.

"I should like to have taken Miss Cunyngham some more reassuring message," he said, thoughtfully. "I suppose there is nothing either she or I could do?" And then he drew Maurice aside, and spoke in an undertone. "Except perhaps this. I have heard that Moore has been playing a little high of late—and has burnt his fingers. I hope you won't let his mind be harassed by money-matters. If a temporary loan will serve, and for a considerable amount if necessary, I will rely on your writing to me: may I?"

"It is exceedingly kind of you," Maurice said—but made no further promise.

No, Lionel had not been forgotten by all his fashionable friends. That same afternoon a package arrived, which, according to custom, Maurice opened, lest some acknowledgment should be necessary. It proved to be Lady Adela Cunyngham's new novel—the three volumes prettily bound in white parchment.

"Is the woman mad with vanity?" said Francie, in hot indignation, "to send him her trash at such a time as this?"

Maurice laughed: it was not often that the gentle Francie was so vehement.

"Why, Francie, it was the best she could do," he said. "For when he is able to read it it will send him to sleep."

He was still turning over the leaves of the first volume.

"Oh, look here," he cried. "Here is the dedication—'To Octavius Quirk, Esq., M.A., in sincere gratitude for much kindly help and encouragement.' Now that is very indiscreet. The log-rollers don't like books being dedicated to them; it draws the attention of the public; and exposes the game. Ah, well, not many members of the public will see that dedication!"

A great change, however, was now imminent. Saying as little as possible—indeed, making all kinds of evasions and excuses, so as not to alarm the women-folk—old Dr. Moore intimated that he thought it advisable he should sit up this night with Lionel; and Maurice, though he promised Francie he would go home as soon as she and the old lady had left, was too restless to keep his word. They feared, they hoped—they knew not what. Would the exhausted system hold out any longer against the wasting ravages of this fell disease, or succumb and sink into coma and death? Or would Nature herself step in, and with her gentle fingers close the tired eyes and bring restoring sleep and calm? Maurice meant to go home, but could not. First of all, he stayed late. Then, when the nurse came down, she was bidden to go back into bed again, if she liked. Hour after hour passed. He threw himself on the sofa, but it was not to close his eyes. And yet all seemed going well in the sick-room. Both the Doctor and he had convinced themselves that Lionel was now asleep—no lethargic stupor this time, but actual sleep, from which everything was to be hoped. Maurice would not speak; he wrote on slips of paper, when he had anything to say. And so the long night went by, until the window-panes slowly changed from black to blue, and from blue to grey.

About eight o'clock in the morning the old Doctor came out of the room, and Maurice knew in a moment the nature of his tidings.

"All is going well," he whispered. "The temperature is steadily decreasing—nearly three degrees since last night; and he is now in a profound sleep: the crisis is over, and happily over, as I imagine. I'm going along to tell his mother and Francie—and to go to bed for a bit."

And Maurice? Well, here was the nurse; he was not wanted; he was a good-natured sort of person; and he had seen how patiently and faithfully Nina had concealed her grief, and done mutely everything they wanted of her. A few minutes' drive in a hansom would take him down to Sloane Street; the fresh air would be pleasant—for his head felt stupefied for want of rest; and why should not Nina have this glad intelligence at the first possible moment? So forth he went, into the white light of the fresh April morning; and presently he was rattling away westward, as well as the eastward-flowing current of the newly-awakened town would allow. But very much surprised was he, when he got to Mrs. Grey's house, to find that Nina was not there. She had gone out very early in the morning, the maidservant told him; she had done so the last two or three days back—without waiting for breakfast even.

"But where does she go?" he demanded, wondering.

"I don't know, sir," the girl said; so there was nothing for it but to walk leisurely away back to Piccadilly—after all, Nina would be sure to make her appearance at the usual hour, which was about ten.

By the time he was nearing Lionel's lodgings again, he had forgotten all about Nina; he was thinking that now, since Lionel seemed on a fair way to recovery, there might be a little more leisure for Francie and himself to talk over their own plans and prospects. He was on the southern side of Piccadilly; and sometimes he glanced into the Green Park; when suddenly his eye was caught by a figure that somehow appeared familiar. Was not that Miss Ross?—walking slowly along a pathway between the trees, her head bent down, though sometimes she turned and looked up towards the houses, for but a second, as if she were asking some unspoken, pathetic question. She was about opposite Lionel's rooms; but some little way inside the Park, so that it was not probable she could be seen from the windows. Well, Maurice walked back until he found a gate, entered, and went forward and overtook her. In fact, she seemed to be simply going this way and that, hovering about the one spot, while ever and anon a hopeless glance was cast on the unresponsive house-fronts up there.

"Miss Ross!" he said.

She turned, quickly, and, when she saw who it was, her face paled with alarm. For a moment she could not speak. Her eyes questioned him—and yet not eagerly: there was a terrible dread there as well.

"Why are you here?" he asked, in his surprise.

"I could not rest within-doors—I wished to be nearer," she answered, hurriedly; and then fixing her eyes on him, she said, "Well? What is it? What do they say?"

"Oh, but I have good news for you," said he; "such excellent news that I went away down to Sloane Street, so that you could hear it without delay. The crisis is over; and everything going on satisfactorily."

She murmured something in her native tongue, and turned away her face. He waited a minute or two, until she brushed her handkerchief across her eyes, and raised her head somewhat.

"Come," said he, "we will go in now. I hear you have had no breakfast. Do you want to be ill too? Mrs. Jenkins will get you something. We can't have two invalids on our hands."

She accompanied him, with the silent obedience she had shown all the way through; she only said, in a low voice, as he opened the door for her—

"I wonder if Lionel will ever know how kind you have been to every one."

This was a happy day for that household; though their joy was subdued; for a shadow of possibilities still hung over them. And perhaps it was the knowledge that now there was every probability of the greater danger being removed that caused a certain exaggeration of minor troubles and brought them to the front. When Mangan begged his betrothed to go out for a five minutes' stroll in the Park before lunch, he found, after all, that it was not his and her own affairs that claimed their chief attention.

"I don't know what to do, Francie," he said, ruefully. "I'm in a regular fix, and no mistake. Here is Nina—it seems more natural to call her Nina, doesn't it?—well, she talks of going away to-morrow, now that Linn is in a fair way to get better. She is quite aware that he does not know she has been in London, or that he has seen her; and now she wishes he should never be told; and that she may get safely away again, and matters be just as they were before. I don't quite understand her, perhaps; she is very proud, for one thing; but she is very much in love with him—poor thing, she has tried to conceal it as well as ever she could; but you must have seen it, Francie—a woman's eyes must have seen it—"

"Oh, yes, Maurice!" his companion said; then she added—

"And—and don't you think Linn is just as much in love with her? I am sure of it! It's just dreadful to think of her going away again—these two being separated as they were before—and Linn perhaps fretting himself into another illness, though never speaking a word—"

"But how am I to ask her to stay?" Maurice demanded, as if in appeal to her woman's wit. "There's Miss Burgoyne. Linn himself could only ask Nina to stay on one condition—and Miss Burgoyne makes it impossible."

"Then," said Francie, grown bold, "if I were you, Maurice, I would go straight to Miss Burgoyne, and I would say to her 'My friend Lionel is in love with another woman; he never was in love with you at all; now will you marry him?'"

"Yes, very pretty," he said, moodily. "The first thing she would do would be to call a policeman and get me locked up as a raging lunatic. And what would Linn say to me about such interference, when he came to hear of it? No, I must leave them to manage their own affairs, however they may turn out; the only thing I should like in the meantime would be for Nina to see Linn before she goes. That's all; and that I think I could manage."

"How, Maurice?"

"Well, there is simply nothing she wouldn't do for Linn's sake," he made answer; "and if I were to tell her I thought it would greatly help his recovery if he were to know that she was well, that she was here in London, and ready to be friends with him, and looking forward to his getting better, then I am pretty sure she would remain for that little time at least, and do anything we asked of her. Of course it would not do for them to meet just now—Linn is too weak to stand any excitement—and he will be so for some time to come: still, I think Nina would wait that time if we told her she could be of help. Then once these two have seen each other and spoken, let them take the management of their own affairs. Why, good gracious me," he exclaimed, in lighter tones, "haven't you and I got our own affairs to manage, too? I have just been drawing up a code of regulations for the better governing of a wife!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Francie.

"Yes, indeed!" said he firmly. "I am a believer in the good old robust virtues that have made England what she is—or rather, what she has been. I'm not a sentimentalist. If the sentimentalists, and the theorists, and the faddists go on as they are doing, they'll soon leave us without any England at all; England will be moralised away to nothing; there will only be her name, and her literature, left to remind the world that she once existed. The equal rights of women—that's one of their fads. The equal rights of women! Bosh! Women ought to be very proud and grateful that they are allowed to live at all! However, that is a general principle; the particular application of it is that a man should be master in his own house, and that his wife's first and paramount duty is to obey him—"

"You shouldn't frighten me too soon, Maurice," she said—but she did not appear to be terribly scared.

"And I mean to begin as I mean to end," said he, ominously, as they were about to cross the street on their way back. "I am not going to marry a wife who will have all her interests out of doors. I will not allow it. A woman, madam, should attend to her own house and her own husband, and not spend her time in gadding about hospitals and sick wards, and making friends and companions of nurses."

Francie laughed at him.

"Why, Maurice," said she, as they were about to enter, "you yourself are the very best nurse I ever saw!"

But it was not in this mood that Mangan received Miss Burgoyne when she called that afternoon to make inquiries. She and her brother were shown to the room upstairs; and thither Mangan followed them. He was very polite, and cold, and courteous; told her that Lionel was getting on very well; that the fever was subsiding, and that he was quite sensible again, though very weak; and said he hoped his complete recovery was now only a question of time. But when the young lady—with more hesitation than she usually displayed—preferred a request that she might be allowed to see Mr. Moore, Maurice met that by a gently decisive negative.

"He is not to be disturbed in any way. Perfect rest is what the doctors ordain. He has been left a wreck; but his fine constitution will pull him through; in the mean time we have to be most careful."

She was silent and thoughtful for a minute.

"I can't see him?"

"I think not—it would be most unwise. You would not wish to do anything inconsiderate."

"Oh, certainly not. May I write to him then?" she asked.

"It will be some time before he can attend to any letters. You have no idea how weak he is. We want him to remain in perfect rest and quiet."

"This is Thursday," she said. "Supposing everything goes well, and I called on Tuesday next, could I see him then?"

"By that time it would be easier to say," he answered with diplomatic ingenuity. "I should think it very likely."

"It will be a long time before he can come back to the theatre?" she asked again.

"There is no doubt about that."

"But his voice will be all right when he gets well?"

"Dr. Whitsen seems to think so."

She stood undecided for a moment; then she said—

"Well, I won't write until you give me leave. I don't mind your seeing the letter, when I do. In the mean time, will you tell Lionel how awfully glad I am that he is going on well; and that we shall all be glad to have him back at the theatre?"

"I will give him the message."

"Thanks—good-bye!" And therewithal Miss Burgoyne and her brother Jim withdrew.

But if Maurice set his face against that young lady being allowed to see Lionel in his present exhausted condition, it was quite otherwise with his notions about Nina. He talked to the three doctors, and to Mrs. Moore, and to Francie—to Francie most of all; and he maintained that so far from such a meeting causing any mental disturbance, the knowledge that Nina was in London, was close by, would only be a source of joy and placid congratulation and peace. They yielded at last; and the experiment was to be tried on the Saturday morning about eleven. Nina was told. She trembled a little; but was ready to do whatever was required of her.

"Well, now," said Maurice to her, when she came up that morning (he noticed that she was dressed with extreme neatness and grace, and also that she seemed pale and careworn, though her beautiful dark eyes had lost none of their soft lustre), "we mustn't startle him. We must lead up to his seeing you. I wonder whether your playing those Neapolitan airs may not have left some impression on his brain?—they might sound familiar?"

At once Nina went to the piano, and silently opened it.

"I will go and talk to him," he whispered. "Just you play a little, and we'll see."

Mangan went into the next room, and began to say a few casual words, in a careless kind of way, but all the time keeping watchful and furtive observation of his friend's face. And even as he spoke there came another sound—soft and low and distant—that seemed to say: *A la finestra affacciate . . . nennella de stu core . . . io t'aggio addi che spasemo, ma spasemo d'amore . . . e chiti non trovo requia, nennella mia, ppe te!*

"Maurice!" said Lionel, with staring eyes. "What is that! Who is there!"

"Don't you know, Linn?" his friend said, tranquilly. "She has been here all through your illness—she has played those airs for you—"

"Nina? Nina herself?" Lionel exclaimed, but in a low voice.

"Yes. If you like I will bring her in to see you. She has been awfully good. I thought it would please you to know she was here. Now be quite quiet, and she will come in and speak to you for a minute—for just a minute, you know—"

He went and asked Nina to go into the room; but he did not accompany her: he remained without. Nina went gently forward to the bedside.

"Leo, I—I am glad you are getting on so well," she said, with admirable self-possession: it was only her lips that were tremulous. As for him, he looked at her in silence; and tears rolled down his cheek—he was so nervous. Then he said in his weak voice—

"Nina, have you forgiven me?"

"What have I to forgive, Leo?" she made answer; and she took his hand for a moment. "Get well—it is the prayer of many friends. And if you wish to see me again before I go, then I will come—"

"Before you go?" he managed to say. "You are going away again, Nina?"

His eyes were more piteous than his speech: she met that look—and her resolution faltered.

"At least," she said, "I will not go until you are well—no. When you wish for me, I will come to see you. We are still friends as of old, Leo, are we not? Now I must not remain. I will say good-bye for the present."

"When are you coming back, Nina?" he said, still with those pleading eyes.

"When you wish, Leo."

"This afternoon?"

"This afternoon, if you wish."

She pressed his hand and left. Her determined self-possession had carried her bravely so far: there had hardly been a trace of emotion. But when she went outside—when the strain was taken off—it may have been otherwise: at all events, when with bowed and averted head, she crossed the sitting-room and betook herself to the empty chamber above, no one dreamed of following her—until France, some little time thereafter, went quietly upstairs, and tapped at the door, and entered. She found Nina stretched at full length on the sofa, her head buried in the cushion, sobbing as if her heart would break. Perhaps she was thinking of the approaching farewell.

(To be concluded in our next)



SOME will regret that, excluding living artists, Mr. R. Brydall says nothing about Orchardson, M'Whirter, and their school. Nevertheless, his "Art in Scotland" (Blackwood) is very pleasant reading. Of course, he details Sir R. Strange's romantic career, besides telling about Wilkie, the Nasmyths, the Scottish Royal Institution, &c.; but he also begins at the beginning, and his chapter on Celtic art proves him to be a true archaeologist as well as an authority on painting and sculpture. That the only fragments of old Scotch stained glass are those in the Maison Dieu, in Edinburgh, shows how thoroughly John Knox's adherents did their work. The Holyrood polyptic escaped them, and was from 1603 till 1857 kept at Hampton Court. The paintings on the screen at Foulis-Easter Church, near Dundee, were preserved by a coat of whitewash, perhaps put on by a secret friend. Mr. Brydall discusses Joan of Arc's portrait by Poulevoir, "which," said Mr. Hill Burton, "is undoubtedly Polwarth"! He quotes from Pitscottie the story of James V. sailing to France, and going in disguise to the Duke of Vendome's Court, whose daughter, however, he jilted for the short-lived Princess Magdalene. His quotation from Calderwood helps us to understand why the Scots were beaten at Pinkie. They were so hopelessly disunited. Among the banners was one on which the Church, a woman with long hair, knelt before a crucifix. This the Knoxites stigmatised as "a cursed queane that would plucke her husband by the pate except she had her will." But, though most interestingly antiquarian, Mr. Brydall is above all things an art historian. His notice of David Scott, "the Scottish Michael Angelo" (may we not say the Scottish Haydon?) tells the sad tale of genius too little recognised while he lived. Scott was influenced by Blake; witness his strange vast picture, "De Gama and the Spirit of the Cape," in the Trinity House at Leith. Some of us remember his competition with Armitage, &c., in frescoes for the Houses of Parliament. Equally interesting is the notice of the brothers Adam, architects of the Adelphi, of whom a contemporary wit said:—

"Four Scotchmen by the name of Adams,
Who keep their coaches and their madams,"
Quoth John, in sulky mood to Thomas,
"Have stolen the very river from us."

Mrs. King Parks is a thoroughly practical guide for mothers. No wonder "In the Morning of Life" (Wyman) has reached its tenth thousand, for it contains much that every mother ought to know. Mrs. Parks has strong views, but they are sound. "It is murder to bloat out very young babes with starchy food, the starch should be converted into dextrine and maltose." She is a fanatic for cocoa; but prefers the genuine cocoa-powder (beware of what contains ruddle, brick-dust, &c.) to either the nibs (too oily) or starch-altered compounds, so much advertised. On dress, diseases, recreation, &c., her advice is always sensible, and seldom superfluous. When she has proved a thing good, be it food or syrups or childrens' car, she recommends it without fear of being called a touter.

"Sir J. Hawkwood" (Fisher Unwin) was one of those of whom the Italians said, unfortunately with too much truth, "an Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate." It was no longer *Gesta Dei per Francos* but *Gesta Diaboli per Anglos*. They did not, indeed, like the Hungarian and German Free-lances, roast their victims alive, but "rapine, torture, murder, violating women before their husbands and fathers, drowning men who were slow in paying ransom," they brought into Italy when, quitting France, they entered the Peninsula as the famous "White Company." In France their name had been "Tard-venus;" for earlier *condottieri* had only left a gleaming in that wretched country. The slaughter at Faenza, when absolutely none were left in the city but young women and girls, and when Hawkwood, finding two of his "constables" fighting for a nun, stabbed her, crying, "Half for each"; the sack of Cesena, of which Hawkwood shares the shame with the ferocious Bretons in the pay of Cardinal Count Robert of Geneva; such were the stock-in-trade of "that multitude of villains" whom Urban V. strove in vain to get rid of by persuading them to go in a body to fight the Turk. Hawkwood (l'Acuto), tanner's son, of Sible-Hedingham, in Essex, laughed his Holiness to scorn. He preferred helping Pisa against Florence, marrying Bernabo Visconti's daughter, settling at Montecchio as a feudal lord. His son went to England, and "had no history." "These Free Com-

panions got no permanent lordships because the leaders lacked the political idea, and the rank and file were of so many different nationalities." This story of a *condottiere*, translated by Leader Scott from the Italian of Temple-Leader and Marcotti, gives a perfectly accurate picture of the sad state of things at the end of the fourteenth century. War is bad enough now; it was certainly worse then, when, for instance, in the fight at Castagnaro, the only killed were a corps of Veronese peasants who, summoned to yield after the flight and capture of their cavalry, elected to resist, and were slaughtered to a man. They had no ransom to offer, like the noble runaways. St. Catherine of Siena's letter to Hawkwood, bidding him "become a true knight instead of the devil's soldier," is as curious as are those of the Pope congratulating him on his victories.

In "The Dominion of Man" (Bentley) the late lamented author of "Homes Without Hands" shows in his fascinating way how the various animals were (and are) tamed. Mr. Wood rates the Australian above the negro in intellect; "his code of social laws is enforced with strict impartiality; he has a court of honour as elaborate as those of the Middle Ages, and more unquestioningly obeyed. Yet, though the inventor of the boomerang, he has never tamed even the very tameable kangaroo or parrot." How different the Egyptians, who, like Butler of Gosport and other friends of Frank Buckland, taught the cat to catch fish for them. From bone-carvings, Mr. Wood pronounces the pre-historic horse to have been a mustang. The plate of "The Khirghis Falconer," in "The Conquest of the Air," is one of many (among them the Door-opening Donkey) which help to make this book "just the thing" for boys.

Miss Jane Harrison has done good work in translating "The Manual of Mythology" and "The Manual of Ancient Sculpture" (H. Grevel), the former by Maxime Collignon, the latter by Pierre Paris. *Mythologie figurée*—the German Mythography—is quite a new study in England, and it is a wonderful help towards teaching classics as they ought to be taught. Such scenes as "Sunrise from a Blacas vase in the British Museum, with Aurora leading off in pursuit of Kephalos, and Pan rising up to greet the day (p. 181), are worth pages of description. Sometimes we should like a little more about the date and history of the objects figured—e.g. the glorious Helios "on a metopè found at New Ilium." Most of the abundant illustrations are admirably done, though the ungod-like coarseness of the Capitoline Venus seems partly due to the drawing. We are glad Miss Harrison reminds us that "such Græco-Roman statues, from which the Renaissance drew its inspiration, inferior as works of art to earlier works, are still more valuable to mythology." In a new edition (we trust one will soon be called for) we should like more about the Etruscan deities. M. Paris's "Sculpture" is in every way a worthy companion volume to M. Collignon's. He starts of course with the Egyptians, in whose statues the thumbs and great toes are often on the outside; glances at Phœnician and Cypriote and Hittite Art; and begins in Greece from such archaic forms as the Apollos of Orchomenos and Ptoos.

Dr. G. V. Poore looks at "London, Ancient and Modern" (Cassell), "from the sanitary and medical point of view." He summarises Dr. Nat Hodges' very interesting "Loimologia," which gives a terrible account of the lawlessness caused by the Plague; "greedy wretches strangling their patients for plunder, others secretly conveying the taint to those that were well." Hodges, a sensible man, who disbelieved in amulets, and powder of toads, and blood-letting, and "had nothing to say" of the usefulness of gold boiled in the broths, stood his ground, undismayed at the deaths of eight or nine of his brethren. His panacea (which he administered to self as well as to patients) was generous diet and plenty of sack. The City gave him a pension (small, because he had been a Parliamentarian, though son of the Vicar of Kensington); but he had got into debt and (to the disgrace of the Corporation as well as of the College of Physicians) died in Ludgate prison. Dr. Poore has a good deal about early hospital practice. He protests against the folly and danger of flinging solid sewage-matter into the sea at the Nore, when we indict a man for emptying a basket of rubbish over a bridge; and he sees a great risk to London in the rapidly-growing population of the upper Thames Valley. London's low death-rate is, he points out, for many reasons deceptive. The birth-rate is low; and "second-rate health" is very common. Altogether, his valuable little book is one to make optimists think, and (if they are County Councillors) act.

On few works have more opposite verdicts been passed than on the "Letters of Horace Walpole" (Fisher Unwin), and, indeed, on his whole literary character. Macaulay denounced him as "frivolous in his tastes, and scarcely above mediocrity in his abilities." Yet even Macaulay recognised "the irresistible charm of the Letters, his best performance." Scott spoke of him as "a great genius, and certainly the best letter-writer in the English language." Lord Byron extolled him as one of his own caste. "It is the fashion," he says, "to underrate Horace Walpole because he was a nobleman and a gentleman. His *Mysterious Mother* is a tragedy of the highest order. He is surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may." This is absurdly exaggerated; but still the Letters are valuable. They throw much light on one of the obscurest periods of our national life, the gossip of a man in Walpole's position often explaining what contemporary history leaves a puzzle. A shrewd observer, Walpole thought the French men vastly inferior to the English: "Dull and empty, they have taken up gravity, thinking it philosophy and English, and so have got nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulness."

The women do not seem of the same country, so superior are they." In England manias were as tyrannical then as now: "Natural history is in fashion; and so at an auction forty or fifty guineas are paid for a stuffed Chinese pheasant; you may buy a live one for five." Then as now the *jeunesse dorée* was silly reckless: "The profusion of our younger men of fashion is incredible. I know a younger brother who literally gives half-a-guinea every morning for a bunch of roses for his button-hole." About Wilkes, about the Gordon Riots, and especially about the trial of the Jacobite Lords, Walpole is wonderfully graphic—and cynical. His admiration of Lord Balmerino's heroic *insouciance* is balanced by his gratuitous sneers at Lord Kilmarnock's poverty: "With four earldoms in him he often wanted a dinner." Their deaths he lays at the Duke of Cumberland's door; of whom he remarks that a London alderman, when they talked of giving him the freedom of some Company, cried: "Then let it be of the Butchers." The book will be a great help during winter evenings; for, while it is so valuable to the student, it is sure to delight the general reader. There are coarse bits now and then; though Louis XV., who could sit at table with Du Barry, and let her fling powder in his face, crying: "Maintenant tu es Jean Farine," deserved no better. The worst passage (it speaks badly for the writer's heart) is that about Swift and Vanessa (ii., 56). The illustrations, including a portrait of Gray, are admirable.

The latest addition to the "Parchment Library" (Kegan Paul) is a very full selection of Prior's poems. No better editor for Prior could have been secured than Mr. Austin Dobson. He knows his eighteenth century thoroughly; and his Introduction, which is not too long, and his Notes, of which there are not too many, are well worth reading. Above all, he is a disciple in the particular school of *vers de société* which Prior may almost be said to have founded. The selection has been done with a reverent hand. Nothing to offend will be found in the volume, yet nothing which deserved a place has been omitted. The result, aided by the excellent type, paper, and binding, is a beautiful volume, which should cause Prior

to be read by a good many people to whom he has been hitherto only a name—to often, indeed, confounded with Præd.



WHO that cares for clear, strong English, with a manner about it as good in its way as a well-marked country accent, for pictures instead of descriptions, and for plenty of human nature illustrated by quaint and homely but not the less far-reaching wisdom, does not enjoy Mr. Blackmore's company in the congenial atmosphere of a fruit-garden—an atmosphere which, in his case, touches all these good things with a special ripeness and bloom? Whoever knows how to share this enjoyment will, in "Kit and Kitty; a Story of West Middlesex" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), find Mr. Blackmore, if not at his very best—for one can never cease to remember "Lorna Doone" and "The Maid of Sker"—yet so near it that it would be ungrateful and ungracious to ask for more. And, perhaps, but for the almost grotesquely and horribly wholesale murderousness of the *dénouement*, even that crowning perfection would not seem missing. This unquestionably strikes a jarring note; especially as the reader who, like Kitty Fairthorn herself, cannot be quite content without ultra-poetical justice, feels that "Downey" Bulwag is let off too cheaply by a revolver shot which scarcely allows him time to realise how ignominiously his schemes have failed; how his veritably fiend-like cunning, apparently so triumphant, has proved no match even in the short run for the most simple faith and the most credulous honesty. The story itself is one of which the healthy-minded portion of the world has never shown the slightest symptom of wearying, and never will; namely, one in which unscrupulous villainy does its utmost to part two true lovers, and fails, not through some lucky accident, but because of their unconquerable faith, love, and loyalty. But the story, though full of interest and excitement, by no means exhausts the merits of the novel; nor do Kit and his Kitty, perfect lovers as they are, monopolise the quaint charm of the portrait gallery which Mr. Blackmore has hung round the walls of his fruit-garden at Sunbury. Uncle Corny, Aunt Parslow, her dogs, Sam Henderson, Selsey Bill, and Tabby Tappscott, might have been treated by Dickens in his different manner without gaining by the change of pens, and we say no more of them, not for the want of plenty to say, but because a good deal of space is needful wherein to do them justice, and because they are certain to become as familiar as if they were alive among all readers whose tastes are unspoiled—that is to say, who are fit to make their acquaintance. And there is not a finer picture, even in "Lorna Doone," than the snow-storm of 1860, in which Kit Orchardson (who tells the whole story with delightful originality of thought and phrase) goes near to losing Kitty Fairthorn altogether.

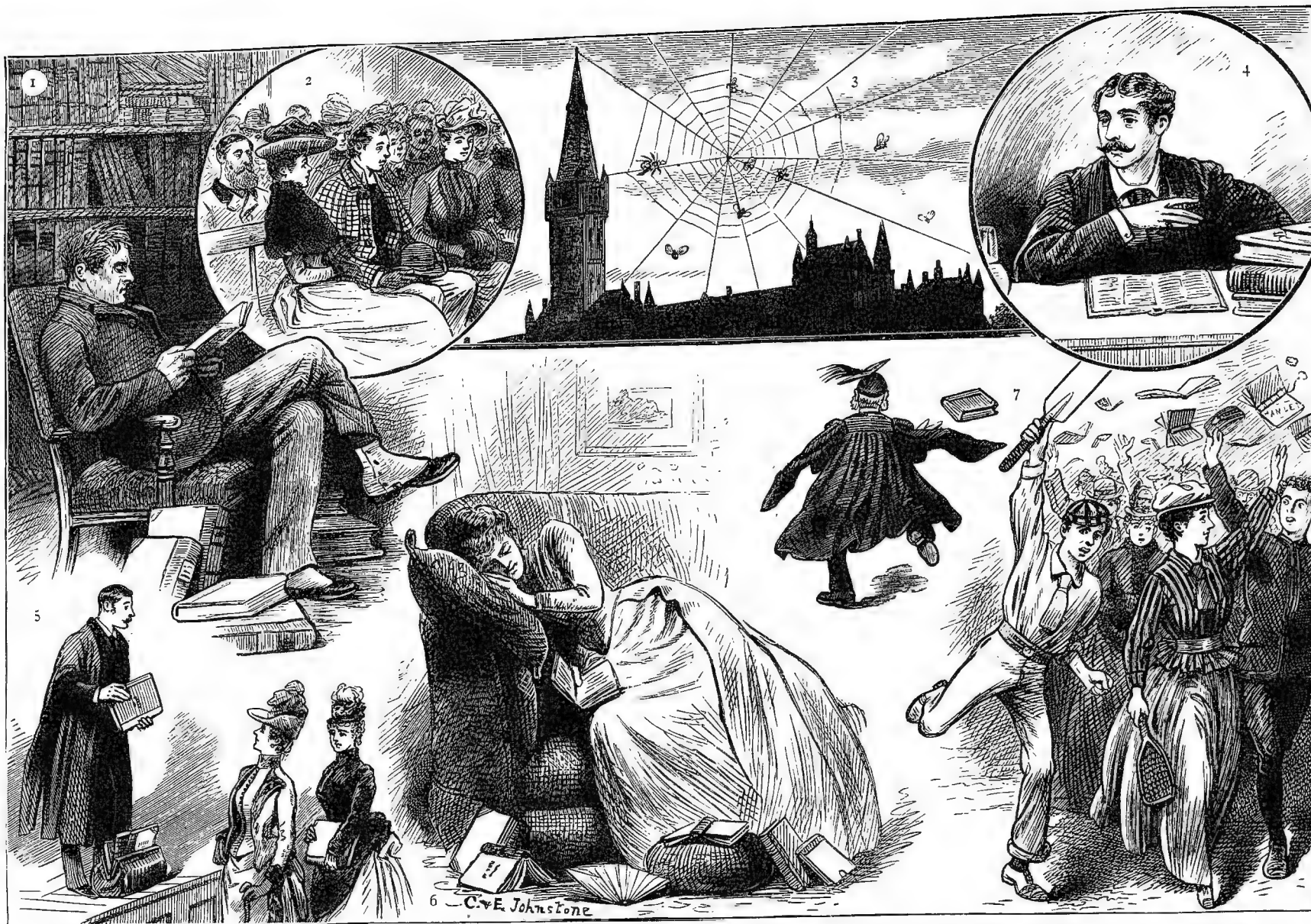
The best description of Mrs. Campbell Præd's exceedingly entertaining "Romance of a Station" (2 vols.: Trischler and Co.) is contained in her own "prefatory note." The opening chapters, she tells us, are faithful pictures, drawn from personal knowledge, of life on an island which may be found marked on any map of Australia, from which "solid earth of experience" and of real incident the reader is led to wander into "the misty Cloud-land of fancy and fiction." The authoress, however, does not leave truth to human nature behind her, even when she takes the highest of her occasional flights into Cloud-land; and the episode of the "Veiled Princess" is just as real as those literal experiences of life on a cattle-farm which few of Mrs. Præd's readers have undergone unless they have a taste for roughing it in the company of mosquitos. Another admirable sketch—perhaps the best in the volumes—is that of "Wunkie's" success in dealing with an apparently desperate case of misogyny; this is a genuinely-new departure in stories of which children are heroes and heroines, and is pleasantly pathetic. All these matters, and many others, are woven together with an ingenuity which resembles simplicity, and prove that Mrs. Præd's touch is no less crisp and vigorous when she is in a genial mood than when—as has occasionally happened—she is in another.

The achievement of Georgiana M. Craik's "Diana" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) a little resembles, though under exceedingly different conditions, that of Mrs. Præd's "Wunkie" in taming an old man of the *genus* "terrible." Her story, however, will remind a great many people of a great many things they have read a great many times, including the love-affair which resembles a prolonged quarrel; the unjust will which endeavours to ensure an undesirable marriage by means of conditions and forfeitures, and conspicuously fails; the gouty baronet, before whom everybody grovels except the heroine; the crushed young man with a genius for music; and so on. One situation, indeed, is new, but that is because it is impossible—that of a medical man of high attainments and character who is driven out of the place where he practises because he receives into his house a sister whom everybody knows to have been cruelly and innocently deceived by a bigamous marriage. In real life, the brother would, even in the narrowest provincial circle, have received nothing but respect, and the sister nothing but sympathy. Granting this situation, however, the otherwise conventional story is told pleasantly enough, and is an unusually favourable example of the ordinary run of fiction.

There are two kinds of hunting novel—that in which the sentiment is an excuse for the sport, and that in which the sport is only a p.g for the sentiment. "The M.F.H.'s Daughter," by Mrs. Robert Jocelyn (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), comes under the latter category, the lady in question being embarrassed among no fewer than four lovers. The one she wants, she ought not to want, and cannot have; the one she ought to want and cannot have she does not want; the one she will have she does not want and does not have. If anybody desires a solution of this puzzle he will find it worked out by Mrs. Jocelyn in a way which will no doubt prove satisfactory to persons with an unjaded taste for strictly average fiction.

"Alderdene," by Major Norris Paul (1 vol.: Methuen and Co.), is a marvellous family history, complicated with mysterious legends, secret passages and caverns, Jacobite plots, and supposed ghosts, winding up, in orthodox style, with an explosion of gunpowder—a general suggestion of "Brambletye House" and "The Castle of Otranto," with reminiscences, in Sergeant Spunyard, of Corporal Trim. It is all very well intended, and the author, unlike most novelists who venture upon history, appears to have some real familiarity with his period, though the non-historical portion seems rather to belong to the date of "Once upon a Time" than to any of a more definite kind. He also shows considerable capacity for distinct portraiture in the old-fashioned, broadly-marked style which knew nothing of inconsistency and compromise.

"BOOBY-TRAPS" are set in many fashionable American families to decide whether their new masculine acquaintances are worthy to be admitted into society. When a fresh comer calls he is invited to take a rocking-chair, and his movements are closely watched. If he sits still and at ease, he is set down as a promising young man, and allowed to call again. But if he rocks the chair he is declared deficient in manner and culture, and is immediately struck off the visiting list.



1. Reading Up 2. In the Lecture Room 3. The University Deserted 4. One of our B.A.'s
5. "I do wish you young ladies would not use such enormous Essay Books" 6. Sleeping it Off 7. The Course of Lectures being over, we can all remember one line from Chaucer, "Farewell, my books and my devocioun"

THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SCHEME



THE RENEWAL OF THE MUZZLING ORDER—DOG TOBY MUZZLED
"AN INSULT TO THE PROFESSION"

A Cross-Examination

THE TITLE OF THIS SKETCH tells its story without another word being added. The witness is being cross-examined by a counsel of the same nationality, of either that he is entirely free from guile. The episode is by no means an uncommon one in the Law Courts. There is a strong contingent of Jews at the Bar, and actions in which Jews figure as plaintiffs or defendants, or both, are of every-day occurrence. It not infrequently happens that all, or nearly all, those engaged in the case on one side or the other are Hebrews, and there are few cases which are more hotly contested than these. The Jews are litigious by nature, and, in England, where they are sure of impartial justice—if not of too much of it—many of them are great supporters of our judicial system, both in theory and practice. A very wealthy Jew, who has had experience of the law in almost every country in Europe, lately waxed enthusiastic over the superiority of English procedure. This was, he affirmed with hearty emphasis, the only country in which you could get the "last drop of blood out of a man." It is difficult to feel altogether satisfied with that appreciative encomium, although there is no reason to doubt its sincerity. It may, however, be questioned whether the Jews are quite so enthusiastic about our legal system when they stand in the position of defendants. It not seldom happens that their dealings with Gentiles are somewhat severely commented on by judges and juries.

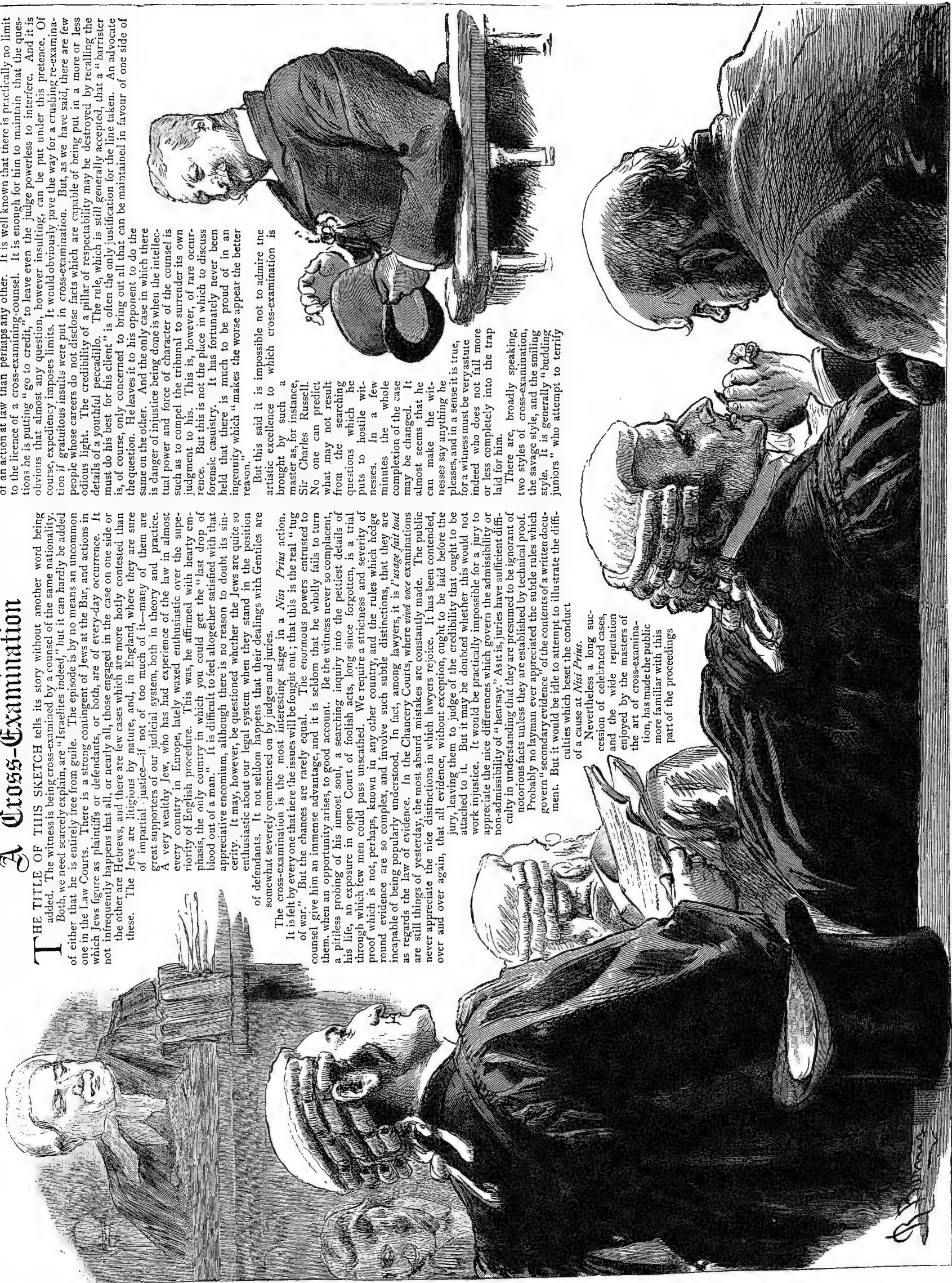
The cross-examination is the most interesting stage in a *Nisi Prius* action. It is felt by every one that here the issues will be fought out; that this is the real "tug of war." But the chances are rarely equal. The enormous powers entrusted to counsel give him an immense advantage, and it is seldom that he wholly fails to turn them, when an opportunity arises, to good account. Be the witness never so complacent, a pitiless probing of his inmost soul, a searching inquiry into the pettiest details of his life, an exposure in open Court of foolish acts, long since forgotten, is a trial through which few men could pass unscathed. We require a strictness and severity of proof which is not, perhaps, known in any other country, and the rules which hedge round evidence are so complex, and involve such subtle distinctions, that they are incapable of being popularly understood. In fact, among lawyers, it is *l'usage fait tout* as regards the law of evidence. In the Chancery Courts, where *voir dire* examinations are still things of yesterday, the most absurd mistakes are constantly made. The public never appreciate the nice distinctions in which lawyers rejoice. It has been contended, over and over again, that all evidence, without exception, ought to be laid before the jury, leaving them to judge of the credibility that ought to be attached to it. But it may be doubted whether this would not work injustice. It would be practically impossible for a jury to appreciate the nice differences which govern the admissibility or non-admissibility of "hearsay." As it is, juries have sufficient difficulty in understanding that they are presumed to be ignorant of notorious facts unless they are established by technical proof. Probably no layman ever appreciated the subtle rules which govern "secondary evidence" of the contents of a written document. But it would be idle to attempt to illustrate the difficulties which beset the conduct of a cause at *Nisi Prius*.

Nevertheless a long succession of celebrated cases, and the wide reputation enjoyed by the masters of the art of cross-examination, has made the public more familiar with this part of the proceedings

of an action at law than perhaps any other. It is well known that there is practically no limit to the licence of a cross-examining counsel. It is enough for him to maintain that the questions he is putting "go to credit," to leave even the judge powerless to interfere. And it is obvious that almost any question, however insulting, can be put under this pretence. Of course, expediency imposes limits. It would obviously pave the way for a crushing re-examination if gratuitous insults were put in cross-examination. But, as we have said, there are few people whose careers do not disclose facts which are capable of being put in a more or less odious light. The credibility of a pillar of respectability may be destroyed by recalling the details of a youthful peccadillo. The rule, which is still generally accepted, that a "barrister must do his best for his client" is often the only justification for the line taken. An advocate is, of course, only concerned to bring out all that can be maintained in favour of one side of the question. He leaves it to his opponent to do the same on the other. And the only case in which there is danger of injustice being done is when the intellectual power and force of character of the counsel is such as to compel the tribunal to surrender its own judgment to his. This is, however, of rare occurrence. But this is not the place in which to discuss forensic casuistry. It has fortunately never been held that there is much to be proud of in an ingenuity which "makes the worse appear the better reason."

But this said it is impossible not to admire the artistic excellence to which cross-examination is brought by such a master as, for instance, Sir Charles Russell. No one can predict what may not result from the searching questions which he puts to hostile witnesses. In a few minutes the whole complexion of the case may be changed. It almost seems that he can make the witnesses say anything he pleases, and in a sense it is true, for a witness must be very astute indeed who does not fall more or less completely into the trap laid for him.

There are, broadly speaking, two styles of cross-examination, the savage style, and the smiling style. It is generally "budding juniors" who attempt to terrify



SKETCHES IN THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

Questions may also be asked, which tend to test the accuracy, veracity, or credibility of the witness, or to shake his credit by injuring his character. But this is a dangerous course, unless taken on the clearest proofs that the witness is unworthy of credit. Juries are apt to express their sympathy with browbeaten witnesses in a very practical manner. So long as human nature remains the same, however, cross-examination will possess a dramatic interest, and the scene enacted so often in the Law Courts, "When Greek meets Greek," is likely to remain a never failing favourite with the public.

VISITORS to Switzerland with a liking for steep byways often complain in the newspapers that such byways are mere traps of extortion. The traveller is seduced by their pleasant abruptness. He ascends to a certain elevation, and then meets with a gate which bars further progress except under penalty of half a franc. Having, under protest, paid the money, he continues his ascent until, to his wrath, another gate opposes him, and so on. By the time he has attained his goal on this or that mountain top, he has paid an indefinite number of fivepences, and been enraged to no purpose as many times. Nor is he rewarded at the summit as he ought to have been, for he is troubled by the irritating fancy that he will have to pay his way down the mountain even as he has paid to scale it.

In a smaller degree there is something of this also in Italy. The Monastery of the Camaldoli, by Naples, is an example. This very very interesting place is situated on the top of a hill nearly 1,500 feet above Naples. You pass from the suburbs of the city into a narrow lane channelled through the grey tufa rock. The lane proceeds into delightful woods which cluster at the base of the monastery, and so gradually conducts you to the conventual gate. But on the way three or four of these objectionable barricades have to be traversed. Two of them may be forced by the bold man at no cost to himself, notwithstanding the inscribed board which declares that all pedestrians shall pay twenty-five cents who make use of the track. But the person who hesitates is lost. Any old hag of the vicinity, or rude boy with an average Neapolitan tongue in his head, will then assume to be the collector of this official customs, and make the stranger miserable until he has paid the money. Higher up, however, there is a more determined padlock upon the path. This time there is no escape. And so, when Camaldoli is attained, and you are received by the bald-headed monk who is doing porter's duty, you are not in as good a humour as it were desirable should possess you. But, like enough, the monk will at once take pains to soothe you. He will assure you that it is an infamous thing that the Camorra should thus blockade the monastery with their wickets of exaction, and will especially impress upon you that the monastery gains nothing by these several fees, which, indeed, often deter visitors from ascending the heights.

What a gladsome, bright place is this old monastery on a summer's day! Naples is below, hot and white, and you see the blinding dust eddying along the straight road which runs at the foot of the hill between the metropolis and Pozzuoli. Even the sea is of a blue too intense for comfort, so eloquent is it of heat upon the level. And the distant mountain outlines, and the shadowy shape of Capri across the Bay, have that pearly tint which seems to be part of the prerogative of a grilling atmosphere as a medium. But though the day be ever so stifling below, the monks of Camaldoli breathe an air that is fresh, without being cold. The trees in the conventual grounds flutter their leaves; and one may sit on the stone benches and smoke or talk in the shade with a sense of comfort that Naples herself at such a moment could not generate. If the good recluse who acts as cicerone on this occasion brings a bottle of old Posilipo and sets it on the stone by your side with an invitation to drink, so much the better.

They are but a sad community nowadays, these monks of Camaldoli. Our guide tells the tale like the hero of Wordsworth's moving little poem. "We were at one time five-and-thirty, signor; now, alas, we are but nine!" Instead, however, of adding that the twenty-six have gone to a better world, he can only say that they have been dispersed about the earth which he himself still inhabits. The Government has appropriated the conventual lands, and this grave curtailment of the revenue of the Camaldoli was, of course, synonymous with expulsion of the greater number of the monks themselves. So merciless have the authorities been, that with the conventual vineyards and woods which girdle the building they have sold the very well upon which the monks depend for their supply of water. The well is in the centre of a quadrangle of the conventual buildings, and yet the monks have to ask permission to drink of it. By the well are two large camelia trees, thick with crimson blossoms. Heedlessly enough, the stranger perchance may pick a flower or two, and not learn until then that the blossoms, like the well, are secular property, which it is a penal offence to touch without precise and particular license. "Ah, sir," moans the monk, with the intonation one soon gets to individualise as "the clerical wail," "we are in a bad plight. If there were no generous strangers from other lands, like yourself, who come to see us, and help us in our poverty, we should all have to leave the loved building, and our altar would be desolate." I will not say that this sort of address destroys much of the pleasure of a visit to the Camaldoli, but it certainly fills one with a new and quite unexpected sense of responsibility, which grows more and more disquieting as the moment for departure arrives. Who, after being told that he is regarded as a prop of a falling establishment, can have the heart to look in his guide-book and act upon its parsimonious injunction to

Within the building there is not much to see: the attraction is all external. People come and sit and look for hours at the historic sites beneath them. What they think about while they thus indulge in *dolce far niente* none but themselves can say. The monk babbles while they gaze, and sighs plaintively, accepting now and again a cigar or a cigarette, which, with a gentle smile, he stows in the pocket of his gown "to smoke another time," to-day being a fast day of a rigorous kind.

By special favour we obtain a glimpse of the domestic economy of the place. What a cheerless building it is within, contrasted with the colour and sunny radiance of the outer precincts! The rooms are large, and bare, and white; and the passages and corridors echo with your footfalls in a surprising manner. There is a sorrowful air of desertion everywhere. The breeze, so welcome outside, here finds crannies and doorways to sing melancholy music in. Every passage murmurs a new kind of coronach; and the monk's tone of dolour is ever a keynote to it. The pathetic atmosphere becomes at length oppressive. Will nothing rouse the good father into an outburst of natural indignation? Resignation is of course a virtue, though of the passive kind. But not even mention of Garibaldi or Crispien has such effect.

"Garibaldi, signor," says the monk, "did much harm to the Church; but he would not have done it if God had not allowed him to do it."

The clergy have, indeed, vastly changed in Italy when they can put forward such pleas as this ; but the new order of things is one that will not long suffer even such compromise as the bereaved monks seem to crave. The State is likely to be as inexorable as, half a millennium ago, was the Church herself.

Before we leave the monastery the monk offers us the book containing "nomi dei signori visitatori i' quali lasciano la cara memoria in questo luogo di Camaldoli." Was ever a tourist requested to sign the visitors' book with more courtesy? It is like an entreaty to the strong from the weak and helpless.

C. E.

"FAMILIARITY breeds contempt"—an old saw, truly, and for generations counted one of those "most sage saws" which were dear to Sir Toby Belch. But is it so?

No; we hold it to be one of our grandmothers' bogeys; one of those venerable but decrepid proverbial fallacies which it is the business of honest men to traverse and expose. It is surprising—or ought to be—how readily we echo and re-echo the voices of traditional prejudices; how tamely we accept the so-called "wisdom of our forefathers," just as at one time we accepted their history and believed in their philosophy. But what is the use of living in the latter years of the nineteenth century, of being "the heirs of the ages," if we are to be bound by the views and opinions of men who were so much less fortunately situated? No doubt *their* lights served well enough for the time; but surely those which *we* have the privilege of burning are a good deal more powerful. At all events, I am not inclined to accept their *obiter dicta* with so much satisfaction as I accept Mr. Augustine Birrell's; or to endorse their haphazard utterances because they are cast in the mould of Proverbial Philosophy. After all, is it so very hard a thing to construct a proverb?

When Antisthenes was asked what learning was most necessary for the conduct of life, he wisely answered, "To unlearn that which was taught." Let us begin by unlearning our old saws. "Familiarity breeds contempt." Stuff and nonsense! It does nothing of the kind. If it were true, what would become of our human friendships? Surely it is not the case that the longer we know our friends the less we value them; that the more frankly they unbosom themselves to us the less we esteem them. Why, it is only by the touchstone of experience and the long assay of time that we can prove their finer qualities, and come to discover in them that specially beautiful thing—whether it be veracity, or honour, or kindly wisdom—which gives them their hold upon our affections. You cannot tell all the good that is in a man until you have had time to know him thoroughly. Carlyle tells us that every day he learned more and more to admire that "transparent soul," John Sterling. Lord Brooke daily discovered some fresh reason, we may be sure, for loving Sir Philip Sidney. "When he descended down the mount, his personage seemed most divine," Falkland, as Clarendon tells us, was by no means beholden to nature for its recommendation into the world, "but then no man sooner or more disappointed this general and customary prejudice." The longer men knew him, the more profoundly they came to appreciate his nobler qualities. For at first a certain reserve and reticence prevent us from ascertaining what there is in our friend of best and truest; it is not until we stand side-by-side and hand-in-hand that each discovers the helpfulness of the other. The truth is, familiarity sweetens friendship—seasons, strengthens, and confirms it. For to know a man, as in justice to him he ought to be known, we must see him in many aspects and under varying conditions—in spring and summer and winter; in the morning of life, its noon, and the dusk of its eventide. We must see him alone and in company, at home and abroad, in shadow as in sunshine. 'Tis due to him and to yourself that you should spare no pains to complete your knowledge of him; as he, on his part, should spare no pains to arrive at a full understanding of you.

The mean and shabby assertion, that no man is a hero to his valet, is a kind of corollary to this old saw. A good many so-called heroes are anything but heroic, and how can their valets put into them that they have not of themselves? But the true hero is as much a hero to his valet as to any body else—if his valet have a man's soul and not a flunkey's. I cannot find that those who knew Gustavus Adolphus, or Cromwell, or Milton, or Wellington, the most intimately, entertained a less feeling of admiration than that acknowledged by the world at large. Dr. Johnson's familiarity with Boswell bred no contempt in the latter's little tender worshipping soul. A really great man is seen to most advantage when seen from the nearest point of view. One does not want to study him through a telescope, as if he were a planet remote from mortal ken. I grant that Napoleon to his valets, the Rémusat, *et omne hoc genus*, appeared no hero; but that was because, in spite of the Iron crown and the imperial purple, he was but a kind of shoddy hero after all!

In Byron's "Corsair" occurs a passage which has always seemed to me very characteristic of the poet. That "man of loneliness and mystery," the Corsair, perceiving his barque all ready to sail, hurries towards the shore; "he bounds, he flies until his footsteps reach the verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach," and then he checks his speed, and resumes "his wonted stately step," that he may not expose himself, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view! There is a hero for you! afraid of being seen, like Hamlet, "scant o' breath!" As if Nelson, on the *Hard* at Portsmouth, would have "checked his speed" and stepped solemnly into his barge, lest his Jack tars should have failed in obedience towards a hero who could use his legs! But Byron, as we know, acted on this principle, starving on a biscuit and soda-water in public, and making a hearty

dinner afterwards in private. The world, however, has little sympathy to spare for stage heroes.

They who ascend to mountain tops must expect to find "the loftiest peaks most wrapped in cloud and snow;" but then they are not compelled to remain there. Let them come down again into the valleys, where dwell the sons of men: it will be happier for them and for us. They will be relieved from the burden of their solitude; and we, as we know them better, shall love them better. Familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, will increase our affectionate esteem and swell our gratitude, by removing the prejudices and misconceptions which originate in distance. If a man live in the clouds, apart from vulgar view, he must expect that our notions of him will be vague, shadowy, imperfect, and probably mistaken. To sum up: whatever there is in us of good report will not be diminished by familiarity. The more friendly we show ourselves to our fellows, the more tenderly will they be disposed to judge us.

WE have before us the first volume of "The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," which are being published by Messrs. Smith and Elder in six volumes crown octavo at five shillings each. This edition will be uniform with the recently-published edition of Mr. Robert Browning's works, and will contain several portraits of Mrs. Browning at different periods of life, and a few illustrations. The frontispiece of this opening volume of the series is an engraving from Mr. Charles Hayles's portrait of the poetess at the age of nine years. The type of the edition is large and clear, and the margins are reasonably broad. It may interest the admirers of the late Mrs. Browning to know that the publishers have been printing a large-paper edition of one hundred and twenty-five copies, in which hand-made paper is used.

The Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., Rector of Londesborough, dedicates appropriately enough to the Primate his "Benedicite and Other Poems" (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.). He expands into a rondel each verse of the famous canticle. Mr. Austin Dobson expressed his pleasure in this consecration of the rondel in lines addressed to the author. He prettily says:—

Let none its dainty charm abuse
From this time forth, and none accuse,
As once its bird-like blithe refrain
Of nought but idle themes again,
Since for a graver song you use
This Gallic form.

Mr. Wilton does not deal in "idle themes" apart from his "Benedicite." His parish and countryside, or relics and ruins of the past, supply him with the material from which he draws a moral or religious lesson. That the ideal here is high may be gathered from the following quotation, which illustrates fairly well the poet's manner :

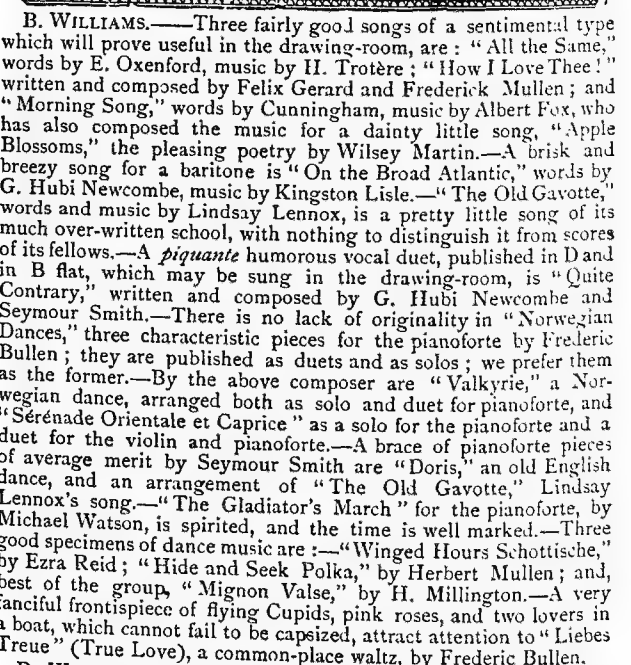
Let me do good and never know
To whom my life a blessing brings ;
E'en as a lighthouse freely flings
O'er the dark waves a steady glow,
Guiding the ships, which to and fro
Flit by unseen with their white wings.
Let me do good and never know
To whom my life a blessing brings.

We have from the pen of Mr. A. C. Grylls, B.A., late scholar of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, a neat little volume, in which he renders into hexameter verse "The Ninth Odyssey of Homer" (J. Palmer, Cambridge). If there is not much pretence to elegance in this rendering it is vigorous and forceful enough. Thus Ulysses to Alcinoüs is made to say:—

Ithaca, too, I inhabit, clear shining, in which is a mountain,
Neriton, quiv'ring with leaves, very comely; and islands around it,
Many in number, are perched all close the one to the other:
Same and Dulcium, and with them the woody Zacynthos.

Mr. Grylls would have no reason to despair of popular approval if he were to attempt a version of the whole of the books of the *Odyssey*.

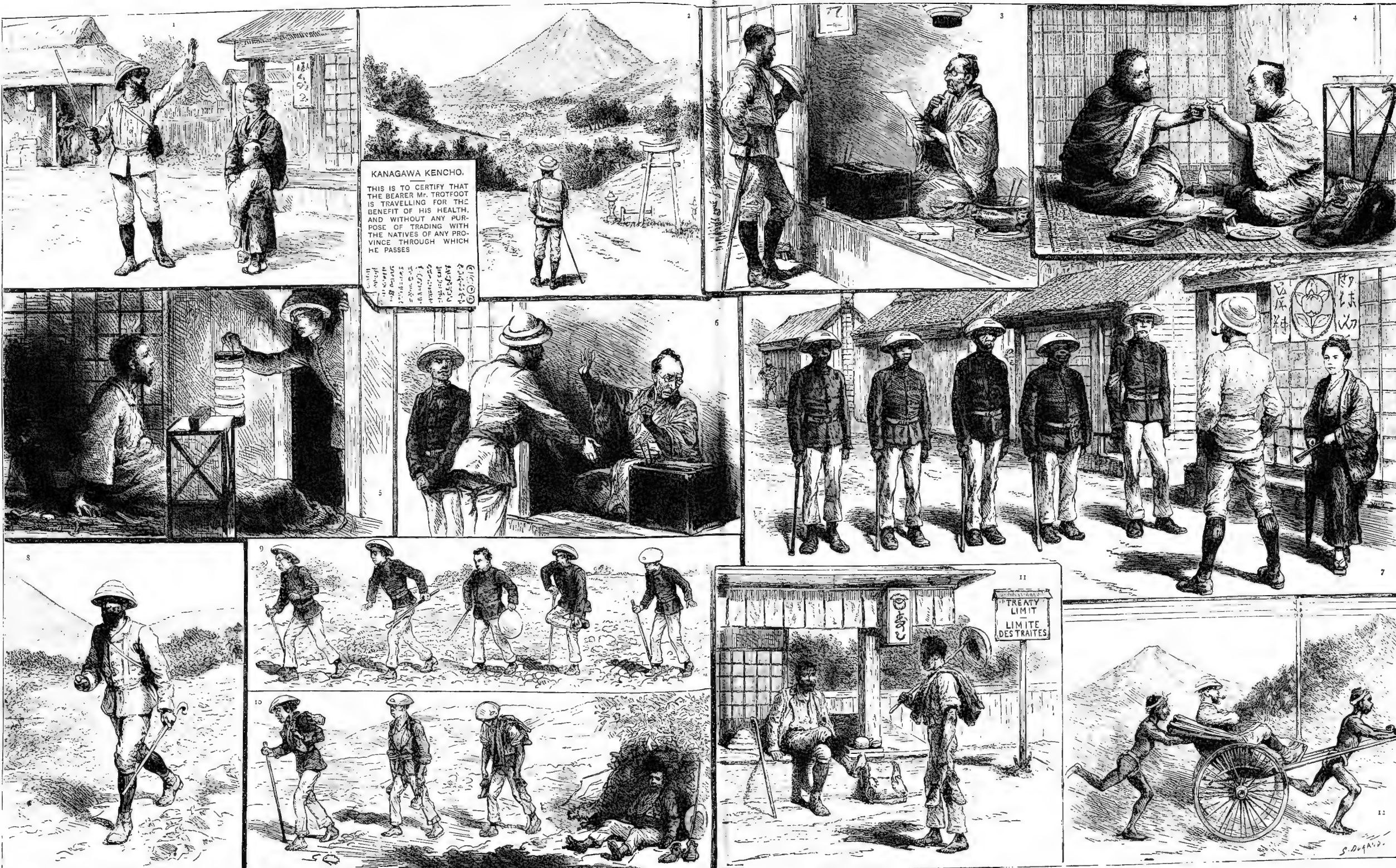
A recent addition to Messrs. Walter Scott's "The Canterbury Poets" series, edited by Mr. William Sharp, is "The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt and Thomas Hood" (Selected), edited by Mr. J. Harwood Panting. Hood's humorous poems are omitted. We have also received Miss E. Owens Blackburne's "Con O'Donnell, and Other Poems and Legends for Recitation" (Dean and Son).



D. WILCOCK.—A sacred song of no mean merit is "The Light of Life," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and J. G. Veaco; there is a very good violin (obligato) and organ or harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*).—Pathetic and touching is "The King's Own," a tale of a drummer boy who dies on the battle-field, words by Herbert K. Crofts, music by Theo. Bonheur.—Ultra-sentimental, as its name would lead us to expect, is "Come Back, Sweetheart," written and composed by J. Anthony McDonald and Stanley Larkcom.—Two pianoforte pieces of ordinary merit are "The Trianon," a stately dance, and "La Princesse Gavotte," by Carl Hemanu.—There is spirit and go in "The Queen's Review March," composed by Theo. Bonheur.—By the above named composer is "Sweet Roses Valse," which is a well-established public favourite.—Precisely the same may be said of "Nita Valse," of a Spanish type, by Warwick Williams, and "Vivien Valse," by J. Warwick Moore.



"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" AT DRURY LANE THEATRE



1. "Sayonara!"—En route for Fusi-Yama, the Holy Mountain
2. My Passport, and first full view of Fusi
3. Suspense—"Is the Passport in order?"

4. Jubilation at night with my Landlord
5. Midnight—Passport incomplete—I am told to be off without delay back into the Treaty Limits
6. Expostulation with the Local Mayor in vain

7. My escort; I note them, and especially their tight uniforms and brand new boots
8. Start
9. I do my escort

10. Effects of tight uniforms and new boots along a rough road under a hot sun
11. I arrive at my destination—so, after a couple of hours, does the solitary member of my escort
12. And I drive back to Yokohama, satisfied with my revenge, but baffled in my enterprise

AN ATTEMPTED ASCENT OF FUSI-YAMA—RUN IN BY JAPANESE POLICE



THE New Year finds Europe in a peaceful condition, agitated only by troubles from other Continents. Indeed, the most disturbing element is the influenza epidemic, which has spread far and wide, becoming a serious visitation. When the malady first appeared in Russia it was rarely fatal, but now, although influenza alone seldom causes death, it leads to fatal chest affections, and renders the sufferers especially liable to other mortal diseases. Hence the increased mortality in PARIS, which is higher than for many years past, 461 deaths being recorded on Monday alone. Thus the Funeral Company are so overworked, besides having many of their officials ill, that burials are shorn of their usual ceremonies, and one hearse will take two or three coffins at a time. Owing to the numbers of poor attacked, the hospitals overflow, and a temporary ambulance tent is attached to the Hôpital Beaujon. Letters are delayed through the postmen being ill, cabs are scarce, business is restricted in shops, offices, and public institutions, and schools and colleges suffer in like degree. There is no doubt that the situation is aggravated by panic, for many people, who at other times would think nothing of a bad cold, now ascribe all illness to the prevailing malady. Further, it is supposed that sanitary conditions are partly responsible for the violence of the outbreak, the city having become somewhat unhealthy through being overcrowded during the Exhibition. So far, Northern FRANCE is little affected, but in the South the epidemic is very bad. MADRID seems to be the worst sufferer next to Paris. Temporary hospitals have been opened, and the population are in a great fright. The mortality is very high both in VIENNA and BERLIN, where chemists and doctors are overworked, public business is hampered, and the disease lays low Royalty and the rich equally with the poor and starving. The disease has spread throughout North and South GERMANY alike, through BELGIUM, into ITALY in a very mild form, and even into the ENGADINE, while CONSTANTINOPLE, ROUMANIA, and BULGARIA have not escaped. Save for a recrudescence in Odessa, the worst is over in RUSSIA, and also in DENMARK, but the epidemic has crossed the Atlantic, affecting several parts of the UNITED STATES.

The influenza, too, threatened to prevent the festivities in PORTUGAL attending the "proclamation" of Dom Carlos, for both King and Queen suffered from a severe attack. They speedily recovered, however, and the ceremony accordingly took place on Saturday with much rejoicing, the Portuguese appearing extra loyal, as if to protest against the Republican doctrines lately prominent. All Lisbon kept holiday from an early hour, and hearty cheers greeted the King and Queen as they drove in State to the Cortes, where Carlos I. took the Constitutional Oath and was formally acclaimed King of Portugal. A *Te Deum* followed at the Cathedral of St. Domingo, whence the King and Queen went to the Town Hall to receive the City Officials, Diplomatic Body, &c., and be again "proclaimed" to the public. The death of the Empress of Brazil threw a gloom over the subsequent rejoicings, and the gala operatic performance in the evening was abandoned, but the King held a grand review of the garrison on Sunday and the State banquets duly took place. The King sent a brief message to the Cortes to mark the occasion, but the document simply states his reliance on the loyalty of the nation towards their Monarchs and the liberal institutions of the country, and makes no allusion to political subjects. However, Dom Carlos has now to choose between winning popular favour by a defiant attitude on the African question, or offending England. For the time the Anglo-Portuguese dispute is in abeyance, awaiting fuller information, and Major Serpa Pinto, being ill, is on his way home—one of the English demands thus being met without difficulty. The Major maintains that the Makololos first attacked the Portuguese, instigated by the Director of the African Lakes Company, while the head of the English Mission at Blantyre recommended conciliation. Further he argues that he has quelled the slave trade in the district, besides opening the Nyassa route to commerce. On the British side no fresh news has come from Consul Johnston, whose whereabouts are not known, and some anxiety is felt on the subject. Lisbon opinion still advocates firm maintenance of the national rights, and the Press urge arbitration, or a Conference.

The Revolution in BRAZIL has certainly cost the life of the Empress, who never recovered from her grief at leaving the country, nor from the rough treatment on her sudden departure. Though unfit to travel, she urged Don Pedro to quit Lisbon during the proclamation festivities, and on reaching Oporto became seriously ill. The news that the Republic had confiscated the Imperial property gave her a fresh shock, but no immediate danger was apprehended, and the Emperor was even away visiting a Museum, when Dona Teresa grew suddenly worse, and succumbed before his return, dying from heart-disease, aggravated by her recent troubles. The Emperor completely broke down, and for some days would scarcely speak or take notice of any one, greatly alarming his doctors. He is now better, thanks to the return of the Count and Countess d'Eu, who learnt the sad news on their arrival at Madrid. The Empress's body will be taken to Lisbon and interred in the Royal Pantheon of St. Vincent. The Portuguese show cordial sympathy towards the Emperor, and the Emperor's death has increased the general condemnation of the new Brazilian Republic. The Brazilian Government are alive to their mistakes, and send perpetual lengthy messages to Europe contradicting the statements which have aroused so much wrath, and attributing their delay of the elections to the difficulty of informing the electors in so vast a country. Yet their perplexities increase at home as well as abroad, for even the military grow discontented, and a counter-revolt lately broke out at Rio, causing great disorder for some days. Trade and commerce suffer from the present uncertainty; while the civilians oppose the military dictatorship, and urge a Provisional Parliament until the regular Assembly can meet. There is a distinct return of feeling in favour of the Monarchy, and some of the head Rio citizens propose to guarantee an income to the Emperor—who is nearly at the end of his means. Accordingly, the Provisional Government have been obliged to declare that they will allow the Imperial Family to realise their property in Brazil.

The depression affecting FRANCE has not been dispersed by the holiday season. Politics and rejoicings are dull alike, the French being less disposed to make merry on New Year's Day than to commemorate such funereal anniversaries as the death of Gambetta—celebrated by the usual pilgrimage of his admirers to his house at Les Jardies. The deaths of so many celebrities, political, literary, and artistic, further crush the public spirits. M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, has been elected a Senator, thus preparing himself a peaceful retreat when the expected Ministerial crisis ensues; and in his address to his electors at Toulouse the Minister took up the present popular parable of conciliation and moderation. In PARIS dramatic circles are in despair, for the influenza keeps people from theatre-going, and it is not worth while producing novelties. Perhaps the tide may be turned by the appearance of Madame Sarah Bernhardt as Joan of Arc at the Porte St. Martin, promised for last night (Friday). The actress was

nearly burnt in earnest on her funeral pile, for the man charged to light the sham fires set himself and his surroundings on fire at a dress rehearsal.

GERMANY is experiencing a sharp snap of cold, the large rivers in the North being full of ice, and the ponds and lakes completely frozen over. In the bays of the Baltic the ice is so thick that sledges replace boats. The acquittal of their leader, Herr Bebel, and his colleagues, Grillenberger and Schumacher, in the great Socialist trial at Elberfeld has greatly delighted the Social Democrats. Out of ninety-one persons accused of belonging to a secret organisation and circumspectly lating treasonable Socialist publications, forty-seven were acquitted, and the remainder condemned to various minor terms of imprisonment. The African affairs still claim a large share of public interest, and the jealousy of English successes has been expressed so candidly that Dr. Schweinfurth takes the opposite side, warmly acknowledging Mr. Stanley's zeal and heroism. Fresh hopes of Dr. Peters's safety have arisen through a message to the *Kreuz Zeitung* that the doctor has gone to the Kilima-njaro region to conciliate the Prince of Moschi, fears the worst, as the Peters Expedition had acted in most high-handed fashion. The last authentic letter from Dr. Peters, indeed, speaks in the coolest terms of killing the Sultan of the Gallos, raiding on the natives, and other harsh treatment.

BULGARIA seems the most prosperous State in EASTERN EUROPE, for Prince Ferdinand is more secure and popular since his foreign trip, and the favourable prospects of the loan have silenced the Opposition. A provincial commercial agreement for two years has been concluded with Great Britain.—In SERBIA the Salt question is settled amicably with the Anglo-Austrian Bank. In CRETE the situation remains unchanged, but Chakir Pasha will vacate his post as Governor shortly, to become Special Commissioner to EGYPT, where all attention is now concentrated on the attitude of France towards the Conversion scheme. The French Government are trying to barter their consent for a distinct promise of English evacuation at a certain date, demanding that, if they accept the Conversion, the surplus over the expenses incurred by abolishing the *corvée* shall be spent on increasing the Egyptian army, so as to dispense with the British troops. Further they require that the expenditure on public works should be controlled by a mixed railway Commission.

The meeting of the fifth National Congress in INDIA has been held at Bombay with much enthusiasm. Sir William Wedderburn presided over the 2,000 delegates, and some 3,000 visitors attended the gathering, where Mr. Bradlaugh was the most honoured guest, receiving congratulatory addresses and compliments galore. The main object of the Congress was to urge the reform of the Imperial and Legislative Councils, in order that for the future the people of India may be properly represented on these bodies. A mixed deputation of native and European gentlemen was formed to spread the views of the Congress among the English people, Mr. Bradlaugh promising subsequently to introduce the Reform Bill in the British Parliament. Notwithstanding the unanimity of the Congress, such opinions find scant favour with some of the most enlightened Hindoos, and none at all amongst the Mussulman community or the Parsees. The Chin-Lushai Expedition progresses slowly, hampered by sickness among the coolies in both columns. The natives, however, are fairly friendly, and some of the Chin chiefs concerned in the murder of Lieutenant Stewart—which the Expedition is intended to avenge—have already offered their submission. Prince Albert Victor's visit to BURMA has aroused much native loyalty, one address of welcome stating that such peace and tranquillity had never been enjoyed before by the country. The Prince has now returned to Rangoon.

In contrast to the cold in Europe, the UNITED STATES have hitherto enjoyed a phenomenally mild winter, very high temperature prevailing at Christmas. Indeed, the warm weather has so depressed the coal trade in Pennsylvania that many collieries have stopped work, and others threaten to follow suit if the weather does not change soon. The Maritime Congress has finished its labours, and adjourned *sine die*. Race antagonism has again broken out in the Southern States, the whites attacking the galls to inflict lynch law on negro criminals. At Jessup, Georgia, the whites shot several negroes, and flogged and injured others, the whole district being in terror till the Militia restored order, while at Barnwell, South Carolina, eight negro murderers were lynched by a mob of white men who burst into the prison. Speaking of murderers, the New York Supreme Court has dismissed the appeal of Kemmer against being put to death by electricity. No fewer than 200 persons have been killed accidentally by electricity within the last nine years in the States.

MISCELLANEOUS.—AUSTRIA cordially mourns Count Karolyi, late Ambassador to England, who has been killed by falling from his horse during a fit of apoplexy. Hoping to reconcile the race disputes in Bohemia, Count Taaffe has organised a conference of the German and Czech parties in order that the leaders may discuss some plan of conciliation. Two previous attempts have failed, but the Government now intervene and support the German rights.—The colliery strike in BELGIUM still extends, over 20,000 men being out. The owners are willing to yield on all points except reducing the working day from eleven to nine hours, but the miners are obstinate though quite orderly. Already the railroads and manufacturing are much inconvenienced, and coal is being ordered from England and Germany.—Reports of the Czar of RUSSIA's serious illness are warmly denied, but there is no doubt that His Majesty has suffered from a relapse after his first attack of influenza, due to a fright when the electric lighting at Gatchina failed suddenly. The Czar attributed the accident to an attempt on his life, and became highly excited.—In ITALY the Pope has held a Consistory, where he created three new Cardinals and pronounced an Allocution on the usual lines of complaint against the Government.



THE QUEEN will remain at Osborne for the next five weeks, returning to Windsor early in February. A few visitors have joined the Royal circle since Christmas, the Dean of Windsor and Mr. Haggard, British Secretary of Legation at Athens, arriving on Saturday and dining with Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, and Lord Lorne attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and in the evening the Dean again joined the Royal party at dinner. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne left on Thursday.—The Queen's New Year's gifts of beef and coals to the poor of Windsor and the neighbouring parishes were distributed on Wednesday in the Royal Mews at Windsor. At the close of the Christmas festivities at Sandringham the three days with Sir Henry James at Westacre, between Sandringham and Swaffham, where they enjoyed some excellent shooting. The Princess rejoined the Princess and daughters at Sandringham

on Saturday to entertain fresh visitors, including the Duke of Cambridge, the Bishop of Ripon, Mr. Chaplin, and Sir F. Leighton. Next morning the Royal party and their guests attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Bishop of Ripon preached; and on Monday several of the visitors left, while the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and other guests arrived. During the next few days the Prince and the gentlemen of the party went out shooting, the ladies generally joining them to lunch. On Monday week the Prince and Princess and family come to town for a few days previous to their visit to Lord and Lady Wimborne in Dorsetshire. At the end of the month the Prince will spend a short time in Berlin, and thence go to the Riviera.

Although they leave India in March, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will not return to England until June. They will make a tour in Japan, and travel thence to Vancouver to cross the Continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway. After spending a short time in British Columbia, the Duke and Duchess intend to get a glimpse of ranch life in the North-West Territory before embarking at Quebec for home. Meanwhile the Duke has inspected the defences at Aden, where he witnessed a night attack; and subsequently, with the Duchess, made a tour of inspection through Guzerat, Kattywar, and Kutch. The Duke and Duchess now go to Calcutta for Prince Albert Victor's reception.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters spent Christmas at Naples, where they attended Divine Service at Christ Church. On Thursday they left for Rome, taking up their quarters at the Hotel Bristol.



THE MUSICAL SEASON, 1890.—The Royal Choral Society resumed their performances on New Year's Night, when *The Messiah* was announced, with Mesdames Dotti and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Watkin Mills, as chief artists. On the 22nd *Elijah* will be performed at the Albert Hall, followed on February 19th by *The Redemption*, on March 5th by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's *Cottar's Saturday Night* (for the first time in London) and *Dream of Jubal*, March 26th *Israel in Egypt*, and April 4th *The Messiah*, the choral season ending on April 23rd, with a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend*.

The Ballad Concerts will be resumed on Saturday of the present week, when Mr. Michael Maybrick will make his *résumé*. He will sing one of his own songs, and the SENTRY's song from Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Iolanthe*. The Ballad Concerts will be continued weekly until March 17th.

The Popular Concerts will be resumed on the 11th inst., and will be continued every Saturday and Monday until March 31st. At the first concert after the recess Beethoven's *Septet* for strings and wind will be given, and Schubert's *Octet* will be performed on the 13th. Dr. Joachim will return early next month, and will make his *résumé* at the Popular Concerts on February 19th.

The London Symphony Concerts will be resumed on the 23rd inst. The programme will then include the unfinished Symphony in B minor by Schubert, and a new symphonic poem in F by Mr. Ferdinand Praeger. It is said to be based upon the lines "Life is a Debt, and Death the Payment," and to be of a (doubtless intentionally) gloomy character. The remaining concerts will be given on February 6th and 20th.

Sir Charles Hallé's concerts will be resumed on the 24th, the programme then including an intermezzo from a symphony in B flat by Svendsen, a movement from Spohr's "Dramatic" concerto to be played by Lady Hallé, and the instrumental portions of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*. A final concert will be given by the Manchester Orchestra on the 7th prox.

The Royal Amateur Orchestra's performances will be resumed on February 8th, the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society's concerts on February 18th, and the Strolling Players' Orchestral performances on February 22nd.

The spring season of the Crystal Palace concerts will commence on February 8th, the series closing with a benefit to Mr. Manns on April 26th. It will thus be seen that the concerts will this year extend far beyond Easter. At the first concert on the 8th prox. Miss Amelia Sinico, a youthful daughter of the well-known operatic soprano, Madame Sinico, will make her first appearance. At the same concert Herr Stavenhagen will play Weber's *Concert-stücke*, and the orchestra will perform Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, and Mr. Couldery's new concert overture, "To the memory of a hero." On the 15th Miss Fanny Davies will introduce, for the first time in London, a new pianoforte concerto by J. Rosenhain; and the symphony will be the Scotch. On February 22nd Miss Lucille Hill, who, it is understood, has been engaged as *prima donna* for Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, which will be produced in the autumn at the new Cambridge Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, will make her first appearance at these concerts. The symphony will be Schumann in C, and the overture, written by Mr. E. German for Mr. Mansfield's presentation of *Richard III.* at the Globe Theatre last year, will be performed. On March 1st Mr. Durward Lely, late of the Savoy, and the Scandinavian pianist, Madame Backer-Gründahl, will make their first appearance at Sydenham, the lady performing Grieg's pianoforte concerto. March 8th is fixed for the performance in London—for the first time, with full orchestra—of Mr. Hamish McCunn's cantata, *Bonny Kilmeny*, a short time since produced in Scotland. On March 15th Brahms' Concerto for violin and violoncello will be performed by Dr. Joachim and M. Gillet. On March 22nd Goldmark's concert overture *Im Frühling* will be given for the first time; the symphony will be Mozart's "Linz," and Sir Charles Hallé will play Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, this probably being his last appearance in London prior to his departure for Australia. On March 29th Dr. Bridge's *Rock of Ages* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* are announced, and on April 5th is promised the first performance in London of the Symphony in A by the Scottish pianist, Mr. Frederick Lamond. This symphony, which was produced for the first time in Great Britain last week in Glasgow, is said to have been based on a smaller orchestral serenade by the same composer.

The Philharmonic Society will start their new season on the 13th of March, the other concerts being given, generally at fortnightly intervals, until June 21st. The programmes are not yet definitely settled; but they will include a new orchestral work by Mr. Frederick Cliffe, and a symphonic suite on a Venetian story by Signor Luigi Mancinelli (produced a few weeks ago in Italy); a new orchestral suite by Moszkowsky; a new symphony by Antonin Dvorák (which will be written expressly for the society, and to conduct which the Bohemian composer himself will come expressly to England); an orchestral work by M. Peter Benoit, and a shorter piece by Mr. Goring Thomas.

The Richter Concerts will commence on May 12th, and will end July 14th, but the programmes have not been settled. It has also been arranged that Madame Patti shall give a series of concerts at the Albert Hall, and the usual number of pianoforte and other recitals will doubtless follow in the course of the season.

Operatic affairs are, as yet, in a somewhat undecided state, although it is tolerably certain that Mr. Augustus Harris will open

LONDON MORTALITY compares favourably with the death rate of other European capitals. Notwithstanding the trying, changeable weather, the death rate during the past thirteen weeks has only averaged 17·8 per 1,000, being 2·7 below the return of the last ten years. The week ending December 21st was the most fatal of the season, as the deaths rose to 1,816, an increase of 48, and 5 above the average, while the higher rate was chiefly due to fatal cases of diseases affecting the respiratory organs, which advanced to 518. But last week the deaths declined to 1,690, a decrease of 126, and 246 below the average, the death-rate falling to 20·3 per 1,000. The fatalities from diseases of the respiratory organs diminished to 467, a decline of 41, and 65 under the usual return. Scarlet fever is also decreasing, the deaths falling to 14 from 22—29 below the average—while fewer admissions were recorded at the London hospitals. There were 67 deaths from whooping-cough (a rise of 7), 29 from measles (a fall of 6), 26 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an advance of 6), 13 from enteric fever (an increase of 1), and 2 from typhus (a rise of 1). There were 1,815 births registered a rise of 302, yet 587 below the usual return). The reports of the influenza epidemic having reached London have caused some alarm, but at present cases seem to have been mainly severe colds and chills of the ordinary influenza common at this season, rather than the Continental epidemic form. A mild outbreak occurred in a Paddington Post Office, and another is reported from a City printing firm, while the West End and Dulwich in Southern London seem most affected.



COUNT MÜNSTER, ONE OF THE PARTY



MY FIRST SHOT



A BIT OF RUSSIAN SCENERY



A MOONLIGHT DRIVE



THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVELLING



"Poor and content is rich, and rich enough"

"NEEDLEWORK"

FROM THE PICTURE BY WALTER FIRIE, EXHIBITED AT THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALI MALL

Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Nine

AT the opening of the year 1889 it was generally feared that a great European war might be impending. It was supposed that Russia had been preparing for a final struggle in the Balkan Peninsula, and many politicians, who did not consider themselves unduly "alarmist," anticipated that in the spring the combined forces of Russia and France would take the field against those of Austria, Germany, and Italy. Happily, these forebodings were not realised. On the contrary, as the year advanced a more hopeful tone prevailed, and in the early days of 1890 there is nothing to indicate that an international convulsion is at hand. The events of 1889 have not, indeed, created a feeling of absolute confidence. It can only be said that the probability of the maintenance of peace has been made considerably stronger than it seemed to be a year ago.

Partly in consequence of the improvement of international relations, there were many signs during 1889 of a revival of trade, in which all the great European countries to some extent participated. This reacted on the political situation, and increased the anxiety felt by Sovereigns and statesmen to do nothing that might tend to endanger public tranquillity.

During the latter part of the year an epidemic of influenza caused an enormous amount of inconvenience in Europe. It appeared first in Russia, whence it found its way to almost every Continental country. The malady is seldom dangerous, but it is much more troublesome than an ordinary attack of catarrh.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The foreign affairs of England were conducted with admirable tact and vigour by Lord Salisbury. He maintained the intimate relations he had previously established between this country on the one hand and Germany, Austria, and Italy on the other, but without giving offence to France or to Russia. The situation in Egypt was not essentially changed during the year. France declined to sanction the Conversion of the Egyptian Debt, but otherwise her attempts to obstruct English policy in the Delta were not obtrusive, and at the close of the year a writer in the *Times*, who seemed to speak with authority, hinted that on certain conditions the Conversion scheme might even yet be accepted. In the summer a horde of Dervishes appeared on the southern frontier, but they were repulsed at Toski, on August 4th, by a force under General Grenfell. The chance that attempts at invasion may be repeated by desert tribes keeps alive in most European countries the conviction that the presence of the English in Egypt may be absolutely necessary until the system of government has been thoroughly reorganised and placed on a solid basis. In the course of the year Portugal repeatedly made herself troublesome to England in Eastern Africa. Much indignation was aroused by certain violent proceedings of Major Serpa Pinto among the Makololo, who had been placed under the protection of the British flag. Major Pinto himself denies that he in any way violated the rights of England.

Parliament met on February 21st, and was not prorogued until August 31st. Upon the whole, the Session was quieter than some of its immediate predecessors, and a good deal of solid work was done. The most important measure passed was the Naval Defence Bill, authorising the expenditure of 21,500,000*l.* on the navy, the money to be issued in part from the Consolidated Fund in the course of seven years, in part from the Navy Estimates in the course of five years. It seemed likely that there would be much wrangling over this scheme, but the feeling of the country was so manifestly in favour of the proper development of our naval resources, that the Bill was allowed to become law without much serious resistance. Of the other Bills before Parliament, the chief were those relating to Scotland. The Scotch Local Government Bills afforded wide scope for debate, but they were skilfully piloted through Committee by the Lord Advocate, and in the form in which they finally passed gave general satisfaction to the Scotch people. The provision which attracted most attention was one that practically established in the Northern kingdom the principle of Free Education. Another important Scotch measure was the Universities Bill, appointing Commissioners with powers which, it is hoped, may enable them to adapt the Scotch Universities to the needs of the present day.

The most exciting question raised in the House of Commons was that relating to the Royal Grants—a question introduced in connection with the announcement of the marriage of the Princess Louise of Wales with the Earl (afterwards the Duke) of Fife. The matter was referred to a Special Committee, and the proposals based on its recommendations gave occasion to a vast amount of heated discussion, in the course of which Mr. Gladstone, who, on this question, stood by the Government, was deserted by a number of Radicals led by Mr. Labouchere. Ultimately, Parliament accepted a compromise proposed by Mr. Gladstone, to the effect that the income of the Prince of Wales should be increased by 34,000*l.*, and that, out of this, he should make provision for his children.

A Sugar Bounties Bill was introduced by the Government, but it met with so much opposition, both in and out of Parliament, that it had to be withdrawn. An attempt on the part of Ministers to deal with the question of the recovery of tithes had no better success. The latter question was taken up by the Government without due consideration, and their vacillation in connection with it did them considerable injury at the time. They were more fortunate in their management of the Welsh Intermediate Education Bill, the provisions of which will be of essential service to the Principality. The Technical Instruction Bill, although not perhaps adequate to the wants of the country, was accepted by both Houses; and a Conference of teachers and others, who met at Manchester in the autumn to consider the Act, seemed to be of opinion that it had brought within the reach of local authorities a great opportunity of increased usefulness. The principal Irish measure which became an Act was the Light Railways Bill, which ought to do a good deal for the development of Irish commerce. Towards the end of the Session, Mr. Balfour excited much surprise by announcing his intention of dealing with the question of University Education in Ireland in a way that might be satisfactory to the Roman Catholic population. Afterwards he found that the members of the Unionist party were by no means of one mind on the subject, and, in a speech at Partick, he took occasion to withdraw from a position he had too hastily assumed, and which had proved to be untenable.

Outside of Parliament the great sensation of the year occurred in connection with the Parnell Special Commission. The central question of interest submitted to the Commission was whether certain letters attributed to Mr. Parnell by the *Times* had or had not been written by him. By the masterly cross-examination conducted by Sir Charles Russell, it was proved that the letters had been forged by Richard Pigott, an Irish journalist. When this had been established, Pigott suddenly disappeared, and on March 1st, when about to be arrested at Madrid, he killed himself with a revolver. After this, the proceedings of the Commission were not generally followed with much interest. The inquiry—in the course of which nearly five hundred witnesses were examined—was brought to a close on November 22d, and now the country awaits the report of the Commissioners.

The Home Rule Question can hardly be said to have assumed any absolutely new phase during 1889. In the course of discussion, however, it was brought out more distinctly than before that, if an Irish Parliament were established while Ireland continued to be represented at Westminster, the logical consequence would be the creation of subordinate Parliaments in England, Wales, and Scotland, with the Imperial Parliament supreme over the various local Legislatures. In the minds of a good many Home Rulers the recognition of this fact, with all the changes it would imply, seems to have produced a reaction in favour of the principle of Mr. Gladstone's original Home Rule scheme. It is difficult to arrive at any very definite conclusion as to the tendency of opinion in the country on the subject. Several by-elections were won by Gladstonians, but these were not generally accepted as a clear indication of the national judgment. By Mr. Gladstone himself the inherent difficulties of the question were kept as much as possible in the background, and Mr. Parnell, who repeatedly addressed British audiences, never alluded to them. Mr. Parnell received the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh in July, and lately he spoke at meetings in Nottingham and Liverpool, adopting a tone of moderation very different from the spirit in which appeals are made to Irishmen by his lieutenants.

In Ireland the year was remarkable chiefly for the vigour and persistency with which Mr. Balfour enforced the Crimes Act, and for the gradual diminution of agrarian offences, including boycotting. The most prominent event, of the old, bad kind, was the murder of Inspector Martin, who was beaten to death by a mob at Gweedore, while Father M'Fadden and nineteen other persons were tried for this outrage, and fifteen of the accused were convicted.

Upon the whole, Ireland and her demands attracted less notice than they had done in the two preceding years. During the Recess, Mr. John Morley and some other leading politicians spoke more earnestly, and more fully, about social problems than about the Irish difficulty. Interest in social questions was greatly stimulated by a strike of the London Dock-Labourers, which lasted from the middle of August to the middle of September. The men were led with remarkable ability by Mr. John Burns, and public sympathy was from the beginning strongly on their side. Help came to them from many quarters, and especially from Australia, where there was an extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm in their favour. In the end they secured, with other concessions, a rise of wages from fivepence to sixpence an hour, the arrangement taking effect from November 4. The success of the Dockers' Strike, combined with the general improvement of trade, led to a demand among large classes of workmen for shorter hours and higher wages, and a considerable number of people began to ask that the day's work should be limited to eight hours by Act of Parliament. The latter demand has been vigorously opposed by Mr. John Morley, but it has received the conditional support of Lord Randolph Churchill.

The new County Councils were hard at work in 1889, and produced generally an excellent impression. The London County Council has had the advantage of being presided over by Lord Rosebery, whose work as Chairman has been universally admired. Lord Rosebery has also found time to take a prominent part in political discussion, and his position has become so good that he has a chance of being the future leader of the Liberal party.

Among the social events of the year, we may especially note the marriage, already referred to, of the Princess Louise of Wales with the Duke of Fife. The wedding took place at Buckingham Palace on July 27th. The Shah of Persia, who arrived at Gravesend on July 1st, was received with great cordiality in London, and afterwards visited various cities in the provinces. In August the German Emperor visited the Queen at Osborne, and he was much pleased by a great Naval Review at Spithead.

During the greater part of 1889 anxiety was felt as to the safety of Mr. H. M. Stanley. Before the end of the year he was at Zanzibar, receiving the congratulations of all the world on the brilliant manner in which he had completed his mission. In the course of his wanderings he made important geographical discoveries, and established his claim to be regarded as the most illustrious of living African explorers. Emin Pasha was most unwilling to be rescued, but was at last persuaded to quit a region whose people it was no longer possible for him to serve. After his arrival at Bagamoyo he was nearly killed by a fall, but he has so far recovered that his friends hope soon to have the pleasure of welcoming him back to Europe.

Even in a slight review of the events of the year it is necessary to record the extraordinary public interest excited in England by the trial of Mrs. Maybrick, at Liverpool, on a charge of having poisoned her husband; and in Scotland by that of Laurie, at Edinburgh, for the murder of a young Englishman in the Isle of Arran. Both prisoners were found guilty, but the sentence in each case was commuted to imprisonment for life.

During the year England had to mourn the loss of an unusual number of eminent men. Among the most famous of them were John Bright, Robert Browning, the Bishop of Durham, and James Prescott Joule. It had been Mr. Browning's wish to be buried beside his wife at Florence, where they had spent many happy years together. As this was impossible, it was generally felt that he ought to rest among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey, and the wish of the admirers of his genius has been gratified.

INDIA AND THE COLONIES.—Under Lord Lansdowne's popular Administration India had a fairly prosperous year. A painful impression was produced by the exposure of certain corrupt practices in the public service at Bombay, but in other respects Indian affairs went smoothly. Prince Albert Victor's visit, as anticipated, has been a great success. Another visitor, Mr. Bradlaugh, who took the voyage to India for the sake of his health, was enthusiastically received by the National Congress, which held its fifth meeting at Bombay.

There are no exciting events to be recorded in connection with the Dominion of Canada. Early in the year the Dominion Parliament had before it a proposal to the effect that Canada should receive power to communicate directly with foreign States, but the proposal was rejected by 94 votes to 66. Later, the Canadian Minister of Finance was happy enough to be able to announce, in introducing his Budget, that he estimated a surplus revenue of two million dollars. Considerable interest was excited by the fact that the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held at Toronto. In Newfoundland there was a renewal of old troubles in connection with the fisheries, and, unfortunately, there is not much chance of their being brought to an end, as they are mainly due to rights granted to France by the Treaty of Utrecht.

In Australia there was much discussion as to the measures which ought to be adopted for the provision of an adequate system of colonial defence. Sir Henry Parkes expressed his conviction that the question could be properly settled only if the Australian colonies were united under a federal Parliament and Government; and it is thought that the negotiations relating to the common defence may prepare the way for this solution. In the course of the year the Australians were instructed as to Irish ideas by Mr. Dillon, but he seems to have received only from Irish colonists a thoroughly hearty welcome.

The chief event relating to South Africa was the formation of a new and powerful Company for the development of the resources of the country stretching northward from Bechuanaland and the Transvaal to the Zambesi. There was a movement for the annexa-

tion of Bechuanaland to Cape Colony, but Lord Knutsford recognised that this would be in accordance neither with public opinion at home nor with the wishes of the Bechuana tribes. Steps were taken for the establishment of a civilised system of government in Swaziland.

FRANCE.—In 1889 the Republicans of France celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution, and they did so in the best possible way by delivering themselves from a Pretender who threatened to destroy the national liberties. At the beginning of the year General Boulanger was by far the most prominent man in the country, and it seemed not improbable that the General Election would put it in his power to make himself Dictator. The Ministry of M. Tirard, formed in February, resolved to spare no effort to discredit him. He was accused of many serious offences against the State, and the Senate, as a High Court, was appointed to try him and several of his accomplices. Alarmed for his personal safety, he fled to Brussels, and afterwards came to London; and in his absence he was condemned by the High Court. He continued to intrigue against the Republic, assailing his opponents with reckless abuse, and professing always to feel absolute confidence as to the issue of an appeal to the nation. This appeal was made in September, with the result that the constituencies chose only a small number of Boulangerists and a diminished number of Royalists and Imperialists, while the Republican majority was sufficiently large to make existing institutions secure. Thus General Boulanger's hopes were dispelled. His supporters still hold together, but it is recognised that their cause is lost. Most of the new Republican deputies are men of moderate opinions, and this has given rise to the idea that it may be possible for many of the Conservatives to combine with them. One very striking consequence of the General Election is, that men of all parties have begun to compete with one another for the support of the peasantry, to whom the defeat of General Boulanger was chiefly due. This class, so often ridiculed by Parisians, has effectually shown that it can at all times, if it pleases, determine the political destinies of France.

The Paris Exhibition, which was formally opened on May 6th, proved to be a brilliant success. People from every part of the world flocked to see it, and innumerable visitors came from the French provinces. This great triumph produced a strong impression on the popular imagination, and did much to prepare the way for the victory of Republican candidates at the polls.

GERMANY.—In Germany the year was one of unusual quiet. The excitement caused by the death of two Emperors in the previous year, and by the unpleasant controversies relating to the Emperor Frederick and his Diary, gradually subsided, and the people settled down to the tasks brought by the beginning of a new reign. William II. has not yet had an opportunity of fully revealing his capacities, but he has given ample proof that he is a man of strong personal character, and that his will is a factor which will have to be taken very seriously into account not only by political parties at home, but by the European Powers. He is an enthusiastic traveller, and during the year visited England, spent some days in Italy, went to Athens to be present at the wedding of his sister, the Princess Sophie, with the Duke of Sparta, and afterwards had "a good time" at Constantinople. At Berlin he received visits from the Emperor of Austria, the Czar, and the King of Italy. Prince Bismarck was as successful as usual in his foreign policy, his aim being, while maintaining the Triple Alliance, to cultivate good relations between Germany and Russia. With regard to his home policy, he had the satisfaction of securing the adherence of the Reichstag to the last of the great series of legislative schemes by which he hopes to prevent the growth of Social Democracy among the working-classes. Whether the Social Democrats advanced or lost ground during the year the world had no means of judging. A strike among the Westphalian miners caused for some time a little anxiety; but there was no evidence that it was due chiefly to revolutionary agitators.

The Germans continued to be reminded of the disadvantages which may attend the effort to form a Colonial Empire. The difficulties in Samoa led to the repudiation by Prince Bismarck of the high-handed proceedings of Dr. Knappe, the too-zealous German Consul-General at Apia; and at the Samoan Conference, which met at Berlin in April, Germany found that it was necessary to make important concessions to the United States. The attacks by Arabs on German stations in East Africa, begun in 1888, were continued in the early part of 1889, but order has been to some extent restored by the wise and vigorous action of Major Wissmann. An Emin Relief Expedition, organised while there was some uncertainty as to the fate of Mr. Stanley, started for Central Africa under the leadership of Dr. Peters. This gallant but rather imprudent explorer and his party are believed to have been massacred, but hopes of their safety are still entertained by some of their friends in Germany.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.—The event of the year in Austria was the suicide of the Crown Prince, who was found dead in his bed on January 30th. All over the world much sympathy was felt for the Emperor and Empress. The foreign relations of the Empire were greatly disturbed by the abdication of King Milan of Serbia, an event which led to the rapid development of Russian influence among the Servian people. To redress the balance, Austria, whose moral authority had for some years been supreme in Serbia, treated Bulgaria with marked favour; but, happily, this led to no serious complications with the Russian Government. At home, attention was absorbed chiefly by the movement among the Young Czechs of Bohemia for the autonomy of their country. This movement, as in previous years, was vehemently resisted by the Germans of Bohemia, who greatly dread the formation of an independent Bohemian Parliament, in which the Czechs would have an overwhelming majority. In the summer Count Taaffe, the Austrian Prime Minister, appointed as Governor of Bohemia a statesman in whom the Young Czechs had confidence; and it was generally believed that this step would be followed by the coronation of the Emperor at Prague, and by the raising of Bohemia to a position like that of Hungary. Towards the end of the year, however, the Emperor, who always causes his power to be felt in important crises—and generally with excellent results—announced in Council that vital changes in the Constitution seemed to him, in existing circumstances, inexpedient. Accordingly, Count Taaffe let it be known that the situation in Bohemia was not to be essentially altered. The news was received with pleasure in the Empire generally, and the Young Czechs, while declining to abandon their aspirations, appear to have recognised that the Emperor's decision was inevitable. In Hungary, M. Tisza, the Prime Minister, had to withstand a series of bitter attacks in Parliament; but they related to no vital issue, and, notwithstanding his long term of office, during which he has necessarily awakened some jealousies, he seems still to have the support of the majority of the Hungarian people.

ITALY.—Public interest in Italy was concentrated chiefly on questions relating to foreign policy. Ever since the virtual annexation of Tunis by France the relations between Italy and the French Republic have been more or less "strained," and their mutual jealousy has been displayed, among other ways, in rigid restrictions on commerce. In the early part of 1889 it was feared that France, unable or unwilling to attack Germany, might seek to restore her military reputation by a war with Italy. Signor Crispi, therefore, devoted himself to the task of strengthening the alliance of his country with Germany and Austria, and in this he had the cordial sympathy of the mass of the Italian people. He also cultivated

friendly relations with England; and at one time it was rumoured that the English Government had definitely pledged itself, in the event of a war between France and Italy, to use the British Fleet in defence of the Italian coast-line. Questions on this subject were repeatedly asked in the English House of Commons, and the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs distinctly stated that England had not been committed to any undertakings which were not publicly known. As the year went on, the Italians, although resolved that the Triple Alliance should be upheld, showed some desire for the establishment of better terms with France. At the opening of the Italian Parliament King Humbert intimated that measures would be submitted for the improvement of the commercial relations between the two countries; and the differential duties have since been abolished. The King was also in a position to state that there had been a revival of trade in Italy, and that it would not be hampered by the imposition of fresh taxes. At the beginning of the New Year it is hoped that Parliament may be in a mood to attempt the settlement of some of those urgent social questions which, in Italy as elsewhere, seem to large classes of more importance than purely political controversies.

In June a statue of Giordano Bruno was unveiled in Rome in the presence of a vast and enthusiastic multitude. This caused bitter offence at the Vatican, and for some time there was a good deal of vague talk as to the possibility of the Pope quitting Rome, and taking refuge in some place where his susceptibilities would be less frequently wounded.

THE BALKAN STATES.—Turkey, as usual, had to deal with some extremely difficult problems. Armenia was in a state of chronic discontent, and her grievances excited so much sympathy in Europe that one of the chief troublemakers of her peace, Moussa Bey, had to be summoned to Constantinople, where he was tried on a charge of having committed various shocking crimes. As most people expected, he was acquitted; but an appeal has been lodged against this judgment, and it is understood that the matter is occupying the serious attention of the English Foreign Office. In Crete the disputes of political parties became so violent that they threatened to end in a terrible civil war. The Porte sent an armed force to restore order, and many rumours were soon afloat as to outrages said to have been committed by the Turkish troops. For these reports there seems to have been little real foundation. We are far from having heard the last of the Cretan Question, as a firman issued by the Sultan with a view to the settlement of the matters in dispute has failed to satisfy the Christian population of the island.

Servia was thrown into a state of ferment by the sudden abdication of King Milan, who, on March 6th, resigned the crown in favour of his son, a boy of thirteen years of age. Executive power was entrusted to Regents, who found it hard to arrive at an understanding with the Radical majority elected under the new Constitution sanctioned by King Milan during the last days of his reign. The influence of Russia in Servian affairs was substituted for that of Austria, and the difficulties of the situation were complicated by the demands of Queen Natalie, who claimed the right, in spite of King Milan's directions to the contrary, to visit her son. In September she went to Belgrade, and the Regents were forced to recognise that it would be impossible to control her movements, as a great reception accorded to her on her arrival proved that she might rely on popular sympathy. The young King Alexander was anointed at Zitcha on July 2nd. Towards the end of the year it seemed likely that important political results might be effected by an alliance between the Liberals and the Progressists against the Radicals.

The year in Bulgaria was, upon the whole, one of quiet progress. In the autumn, Prince Ferdinand visited various members of his family in different parts of Europe, and this gave rise to a rumour that he intended to abdicate. He soon, however, returned to Sofia, and resumed the discharge of his duties. He and his subjects have been greatly encouraged by the support they have lately received from Austria. They were specially pleased by the fact that the new Bulgarian Loan was quoted, with the sanction of the Austrian Government, on the Vienna Exchange.

RUSSIA.—The year was marked in Russia by few incidents of general interest. The Government promptly took advantage of the abdication of King Milan to secure the good-will of the Servian Radicals, but it refrained from doing anything that could provoke the open resentment of Austria. Bulgaria the Russians left almost entirely alone. During the greater part of the year a decidedly pacific tone prevailed at St. Petersburg, and it is thought that this mood may last, partly because the Czar is known to have a strong personal dislike for war, and partly because Russia will not for some time be ready for a great conflict. By the death of Count Tolstoi, Minister of the Interior, on May 7th, the Czar lost one of the most prominent of his public servants. Although an able and conscientious statesman, Tolstoi had very reactionary ideas with regard to local liberties, and the main lines of his policy in this respect have been maintained since his death. The Government caused considerable discontent in the Baltic provinces by a series of measures intended to discourage the use of the German language in those districts. It showed some jealousy of the rising influence of England in Persia, but took no steps of which Englishmen had a right to complain. In the last days of the year some sensation was created in Western Europe by a hideous story from Yakoutska, a remote station in Siberia, where a number of exiles were massacred by soldiers, who are said to have been encouraged in their cruel work by the Vice-Governor of the province.

GREECE AND PORTUGAL.—A vast amount of excitement was created in Greece by the troubles of Crete. The Great Powers, however, found means to make M. Tricoupis understand that the sympathy of his countrymen was not to be expressed by active interference in the affairs of the island. On October 27th the wedding of the Duke of Sparta with the Princess Sophie of Prussia took place, and there was a great gathering of royalties at Athens on the occasion. Dom Louis, King of Portugal, died on October 19th, and was succeeded by his son Carlos, who was formally proclaimed King on December 28th. King Carlos is too young to have obtained a powerful hold over the people, but on the occasion of his proclamation the public rejoicings seemed to be sincere. In the opinion of Englishmen, Portugal has acted badly in East Africa, but in regard to this question the Portuguese Government has the sympathy of the Portuguese nation.

THE UNITED STATES.—The people of the United States have generally the privilege of being able to study the affairs of the outside world as impartial spectators. In 1889 they were obliged to occupy themselves with the troubles in Samoa, where they have large and growing commercial interests. To the Americans the exploits of the German Consul-General at Apia seemed far from admirable; and their protests were so emphatic that a Conference became necessary. Accordingly representatives of the United States, England, and Germany met at Berlin on April 29th, and after prolonged discussion they arrived at an agreement which, it was hoped, would secure to each of the three Powers its proper share of influence in Samoa. This agreement still remains to be ratified by the American Senate, but no one doubts that it will be accepted. During the last few years Americans have been recalling with genuine pleasure the events connected with the establishment of their national independence; and in April, 1889, they celebrated the hundredth anniversary of Washington's assumption of the Presidency. At Baltimore, later in the year, the Roman Catholics celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the formation of the first Roman Catholic Diocese in the United States. In May the country was saddened by a fearful calamity in Conemaugh Valley, Pennsylvania, where several towns were swept away by floods due to the bursting of a reservoir.

BRAZIL.—The year was made a memorable one in Brazilian history by a Revolution cleverly planned and executed. On November 15th the Emperor and his family, who appear to have had no suspicion of impending danger, were made prisoners, conveyed on board ship during the night, and sent at once to Portugal, where in due time they arrived. The shock had a disastrous effect on the health of the Empress, and on December 28th she died suddenly at Oporto. How far the Revolution is in accordance with popular feeling no one can tell, for the Provisional Government take good care that the expression of opinion shall be kept well within what seem to them proper limits. It is uncertain whether the various provinces will care to hold together as a Federal Republic. They are not to have an opportunity of expressing their intentions through an assembly of national representatives until the autumn of the present year.

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION

THE New Gallery on Wednesday last opened its doors to an exhibition illustrative of the reigns of the Tudor Sovereigns, a period when the English intellect and character were almost, if not quite, at their highest development. The age which produced such men as Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, and Hooker is one that could not fail to produce plenty of material to make an interesting exhibition,



and it is surprising that we have not had a Tudor Exhibition before. So much material was forthcoming that the gallery could not accommodate all the exhibits offered. The display, however, is extremely comprehensive, ranging from the close of the fifteenth century to the extinction of the Tudor line at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Portraits, including a fine selection of Holbein's paintings, armour, plate, needlework, carving, books, coins, and medals, comprise some of the exhibits, which are all admirably arranged and catalogued by experts in each special class. Judging by its predecessor and prototype, the Stuart Exhibition, there can be little doubt that the new venture will prove a financial as well as an artistic success.

The following are some of the most interesting exhibits of armour:—Mr. Edwin Brett's armour along the side of hall; centre group in hall, representing William I., Earl of Pembroke, and the Ducs De Montmorency and De Montpensier. The helmet Sir Giles Capel wore at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in case in centre of hall; a gilded suit of armour in blue and gold worn by George, Earl of Cumberland, lent by Lord Heathfield; and a very fine case of armour lent by Mr. Brett.

NATIONAL CHRISTMAS FARE in different countries seems generally of the most peculiar and indigestible kind. The Germans revel in pepper-cakes; the French enjoy black-puddings, and on Christmas Eve the 855 *charcutiers* of the capital are at their wits' end to supply their customers; the Spaniards consume almonds in every possible form; and the Scandinavians feast upon dried fish prepared in ashes, resembling white transparent jelly, and cold rice porridge, flavoured with cinnamon. The Christmas spirit in Scandinavia is the "Jul Bock"—a fur-clad being who knocks at the front door and flings in sealed packets, one by one, containing the family presents. Germany still keeps to her Christmas tree, and Emperor William took an active part in decorating the trees for his five little boys, each of whom had his separate Weihnachtsbaum and table laden with presents. These were placed in the "Shell Hall" of the New Palace at Potsdam, where other trees and tables were arranged for the Emperor and Empress, their nearest relatives, and the household. In Paris Christmas trees are so much in request that the real article is often replaced by an artificial production, composed of fir branches on a wire foundation.

THEATRES

THE London theatres are just now in the happy condition of the nation that has no history. For the moment their annals are uneventful, for the simple reason that they are as a rule prospering. A careful observer of the phenomena of the interior of our play-houses has detected a temporary weakness in stalls and boxes. The fastidious folk who can afford to pay a half-guinea for each seat are, it appears, a little afraid of the uproarious hilarity of boxing-day spectators, still more of the diminished chances of getting comfortably home by cab or train on a great national holiday. But even this does not prevent the SAVOY, with Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, securing crowded audiences in all parts, and occasionally twice in one day. We must not omit to note that the researches of the authority already cited have led him to the conclusion that, on the whole, romantic drama of the stirring and exciting sort, telling a long and complex story, with due interchange of comic and serious episodes, best suits, as a rule, the tastes of holiday audiences. This, of course, is outside the question of the pantomimes, which have broken forth at the West End this year in such lavish abundance. *Jack and the Beanstalk*, at DRURY LANE, if a little dull in the opening, from the point of view of verse and jokes, is certainly the most picturesque and brilliant of all Mr. Augustus Harris's long list of achievements in this way; and *Cinderella* at HER MAJESTY'S is no whit behind it, though Mr. Clement Scott's lyrics and Richard Henry's punning lines were rather overpowered on the first night by the scenic splendours, and the all too-potent brass, strings, and reeds of the orchestra. As to the COVENT GARDEN programme, it is a vast series of circus entertainments, including the feats of the "equestrian lion," and supplemented by something as nearly approaching to a grand Christmas pantomime as the conditions of a circus performance will permit. Holiday playgoers will not forget that the pretty children's ballad opera, *The Belles of the Village*, at the AVENUE, has been converted into a pantomime by tacking on a brisk harlequinade, in which the diverting, but now almost forgotten vagaries and whimsicalities of the "shadow pantomime," or living galanty show, form a prominent feature. This is an afternoon entertainment. At night the AVENUE stage is given up to the brilliant and amusing burlesque of *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*.

The chief novelties that were promised for Christmas, apart from pantomimes, were Mr. Robert Buchanan's version of *Clarissa Harlowe* at the VAUDEVILLE, and Mr. Burnand's skit on *La Tosca* at the ROYALTY. The former has been unfortunately delayed by the illness of the author and Mr. Thomas Thorne. The latter is on the point of being produced. It is understood to be a dramatic parody after the pattern of Mr. Burnand's *Pau Claudian* and *Airey Anne*. The famous torture scene, which furnishes Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mr. Forbes Robertson with so many opportunities for thrilling and exciting audiences at the GARRICK, receives even an additional touch of horror by reason of the fact that Baron Scarpia orders that his writhing victim shall listen to the Boulanger March played slowly on a barrel organ, together with recitations of the Laureate's "Throstle Song," amateur imitations of Henry Irving, besides readings of letters on Bi-Metallism, and finally "the full report of the Parnell Commission." It is, however, the merciless administration of "puzzles and acrostics" that finally impels the pitying Floria Tosca to yield, and leads to the Count staggering in, "fearfully changed into an enormously tall figure of Irving as Robert Landry, as he appeared when coming forth from the Bastille."

The jovial countenance of Mr. Frank Marshall, who died on Saturday last at his residence in Bloomsbury Square at the age of forty-nine, will be missed by regular frequenters of first nights at the play. Mr. Marshall was the author of at least one excellent comedy—his *Pa'se Shame*, originally intended to be called *The White Feather*. Besides this, he was the author of some successful adaptations and shorter pieces. Devotedly attached to Mr. Irving, he contributed to the acting-copy of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum a critical and apologetic preface; and it is well known that he had written a drama on the tragic story of "Robert Emmett," which Mr. Irving intends to produce some day when our present rather excited feelings on the subject of Irish history shall have calmed down. Mr. Marshall, who had made of our old dramatists a special study, was something more than a "half-worker" with Mr. Irving in the editorship of the Irving Edition of Shakespeare now in course of publication, though he was compelled some time since, by failing health, to hand over his task to the capable hands of Mr. Joseph Knight, the well-known critic and editor of *Notes and Queries*. Mr. Marshall, who was a son of the late Mr. William Marshall, sometime member for Carlisle and the East Cumberland Division, married a few years ago the famous actress Miss Ada Cavendish, who survives him.

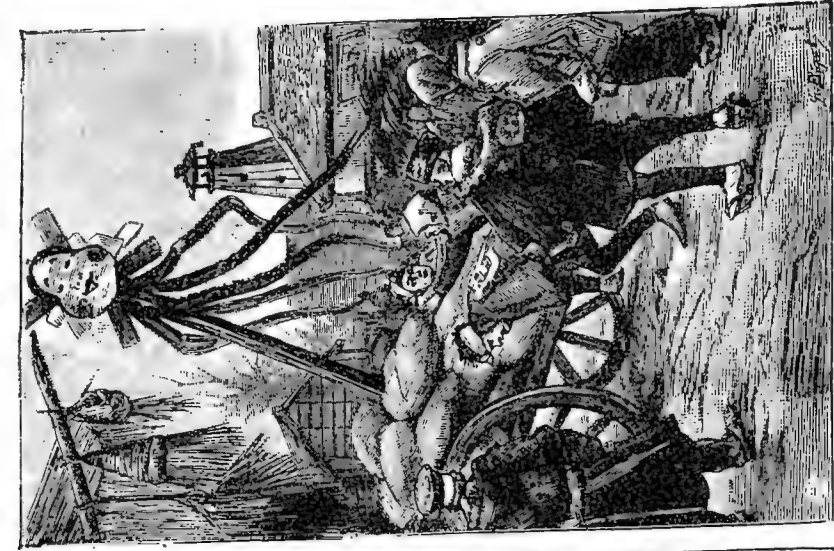
Those who would see Mr. Toole once more before his departure for the other side of the world have now little time to lose. The popular comedian will be entertained at a great farewell banquet at the Hôtel Métropole on the 12th of this month. Meanwhile he will appear with his company at his theatre in a series of his most famous parts, the bill including, for the next few days, *Paul Pry* and *Domestic Economy*. Mr. Toole will, it is said, appear before the Queen before his departure.

The actors and actresses who so generously give their services in aid of worthy objects do not toil in vain. It is stated that the recent complimentary benefit to Mr. John Maddison Morton, author of *Box and Cox*, has produced sufficient to add to the little income of the veteran farce writer, who is now a resident in the Charter-house, a life annuity of 60*l.* per annum.

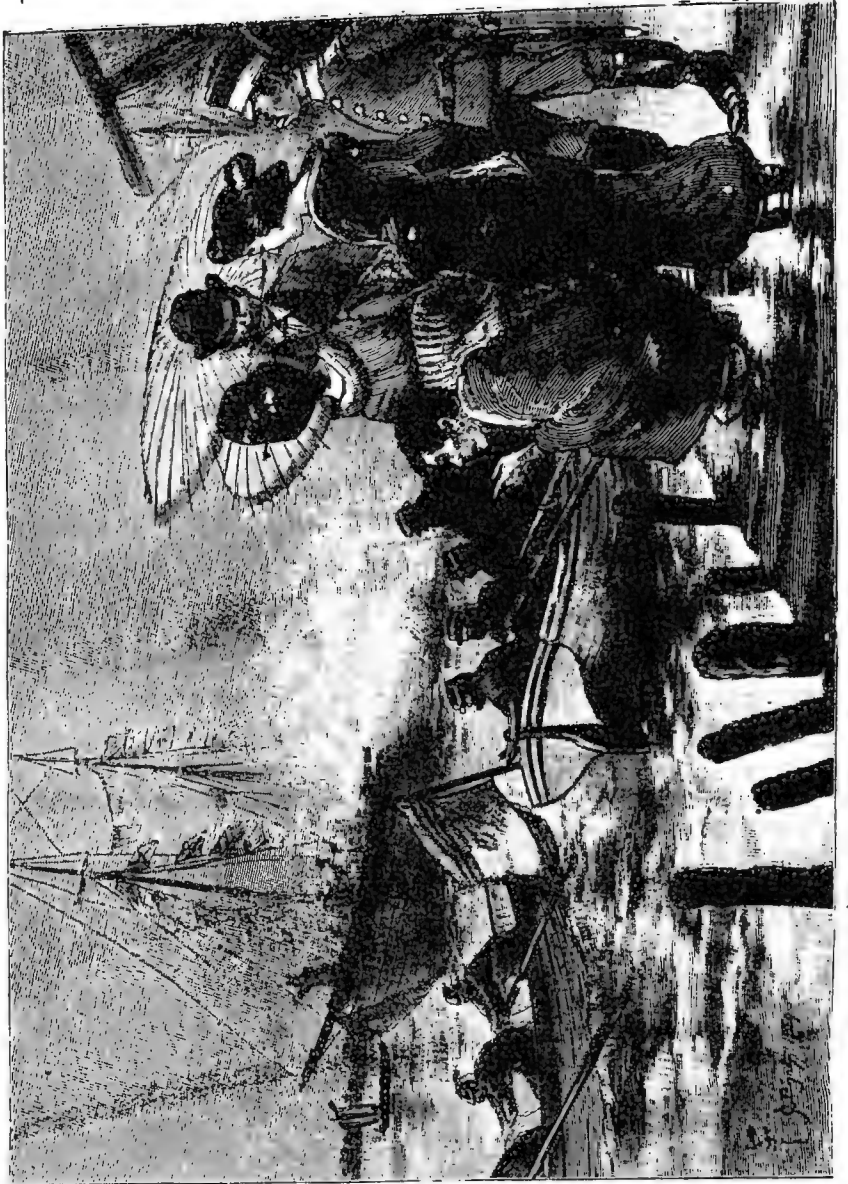
The AVENUE Theatre will shortly pass into the hands of Mr. George Alexander, who is at present playing the hero of *London Day by Day* at the ADELPHI.

In the new play which Mrs. Oscar Beringer has written for the OPERA COMIQUE her clever little daughter will only play an incidental part—that of a little boy.

Mr. Benson will revive *The Taming of the Shrew* at the GLOBE after the run of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but he will have



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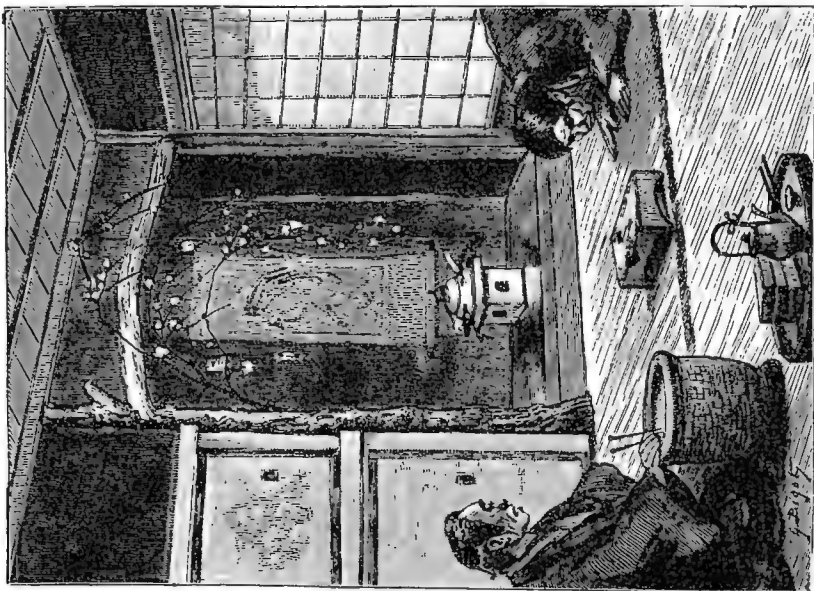


MEN OF WAR'S MEN, LANDING AT TOKIO TO TAKE PART IN THE NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES

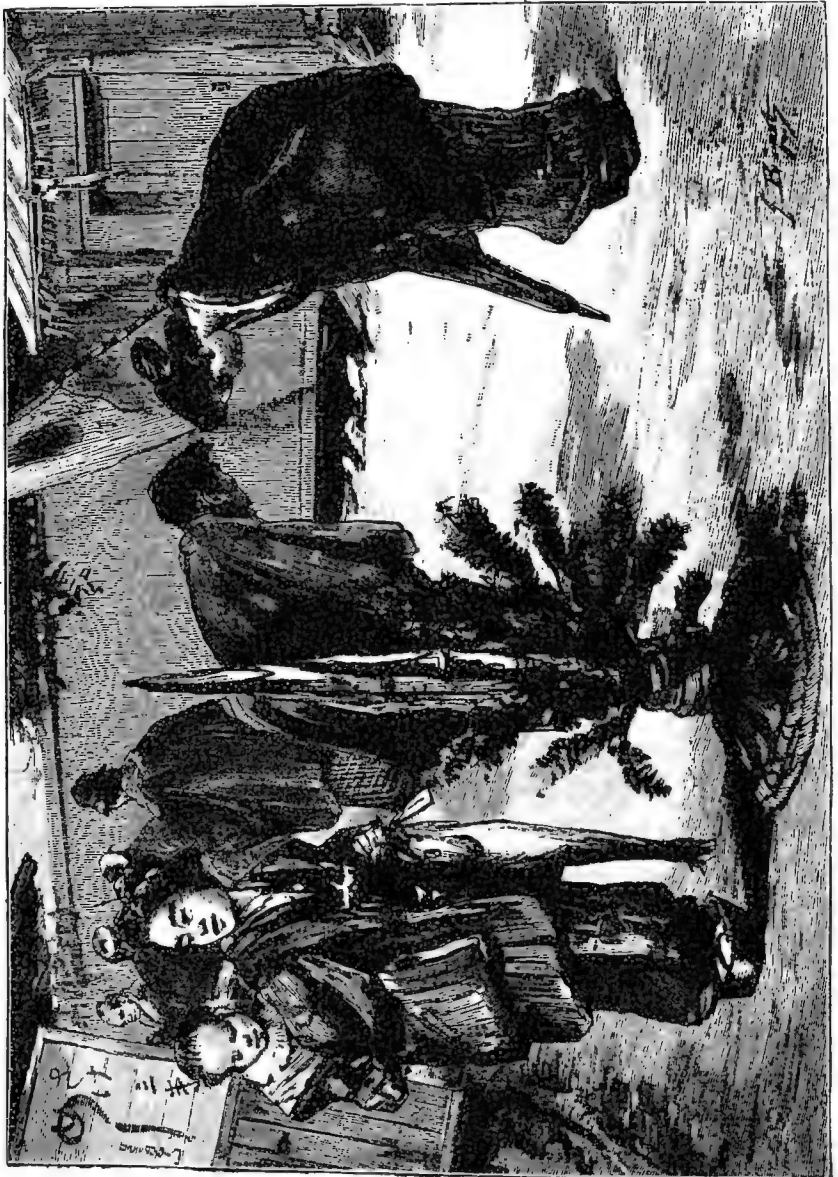


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AN UNPACIFIC YARN.



THE Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Seas,
A Service fair, conducted there, in dignity and ease;
Though white within, and free from sin, it was a fact that he
Unto the eye, externally, was black as black could be.

The Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, beloved was of all,
The Unpacific residents, his people great and small,
They often said, "A Bishop bred, and born of native stock
Is fitter than another man to guide a native flock."



THEN Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, (his present safe to hand),
With visage bright, and spirits light, as any in the land,
And grateful heart, did now depart upon his homeward path,
And arm'd with hope, and **PEARS' Soap**, repair'd unto his bath.



With bow polite, complexion white, and hands of lily hue,
And noble mien, he did convince that Unpacific crew:

That sable flock of native stock, who, frighten'd and amaz'd,

For pardon to the Bishop Q. their supplications raised.

And thus with hope, and **PEARS' Soap**, and bath and water plain,

The love of all, both great and small, the Bishop did regain.

And now without a care or doubt, his features wreath'd in smiles,

Lives Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Isles.

BUT Oh! Alas! a dreadful pass he came to on the day
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, a visit came to pay;
Whose features fair and silver hair, their fancy quickly gain'd,
Whose tuneful voice, and learning choice, affection soon obtained.

The natives all, both great and small, admitted with a groan,
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, was better than their own;
That though they knew that Bishop Q. was pure and free from guile,
He must arrange to make a change, and leave his native isle.

WHEN Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, his visage wet with tears,
Repair'd to Brown, of Monkeytown, to intimate his fears

That base and rude ingratitude, and unbecoming slight,
Would bleach with care, his aged hair, because he wasn't white.

Said Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, "Although a grievous case,
I'll guarantee, if you'll agree, to change your nigger face,
That you'll obtain their love again, so buoy yourself with hope,
And I'll give you a cake or two of **PEARS' Transparent Soap**."

MORAL.

WHAT cleanliness and godliness go ever hand in hand;
From maxims sage, of greatest age, we're led to understand.

The former clasp within your grasp (and for the latter hope),

By getting through a cake or two of **PEARS' Transparent Soap**.

And when you've tried, you will decide, without a single doubt,

That such a sweet and fragrant treat you'll never be without:

That all around will ne'er be found a maker that can cope,

In purity and quality with **PEARS' Transparent Soap**.

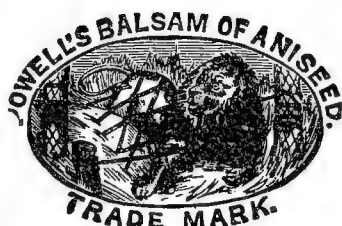
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MATCHLESS SALE



JANUARY brings us lengthening days, for the sake of which we forgive the strengthening cold. The sun, which only rises at 8 h. 8 m. on New Year's Day, gets up at seventeen minutes to eight on the 31st, and instead of retiring to rest at 3.59, remains up till 4.45. The mean temperature rises but one degree, from 37 deg. to 38 deg. Fahr.: it is surprising to find that the southerly and south-west winds slightly predominate in an average January, but the whole science of wind observations is as yet very little opened up. The distribution of land and sea surfaces makes observations of little more than local value, but within a local range such observations will probably teach us a good deal. The mean rainfall is 2.52 inches, and the amount of sunshine usually registered is, of course, very small. January, however, is not the dullest of the months.

THE FARM on New Year's Day presented an appearance encouraging to the general farmer, that is to say, to the average agriculturist who has stock in the straw yard as well as grain in the soil, who does not neglect to grow a certain proportion of roots, and not above adding the small but useful profits of poultry, rabbit, and bee keeping to those of farming proper. The health of all live stock is very satisfactory. The early lambs in Dorsetshire have done well, and stock generally have been much helped by the mild weather keeping the grass in growth, and allowing of their having a few hours in the meadows almost every day. The London market for beef and mutton has been depressed by the mild weather, but the majority of country markets have been well attended, and fairly remunerative prices have been obtained. The "rage" for early maturity continues.

BULLOCKS, as a matter of fact, never pay better than when they are fed well from birth and killed at eighteen months old up to two years, with perhaps twenty months as the average date. An old bullock costing 12s. to 15s. per week for his food is a costly speculation in a time of falling prices. This has been especially the case this season, when the owners of big animals, wherever they run at all to coarseness, find that after twelve to fifteen weeks' feeding, at a cost seldom covered by a ten-pound note, their old stock will not realise more money now than at the Michaelmas fairs. On the other hand, young bullocks and wether lambs now sell well all the year round, and thus the market is teaching farmers a practical truth which mere scientific demonstration long failed to bring home to them.

MR. TALLERMAN has long been known as a pioneer of the foreign meat trade, and as a herald of those Antipodean and American consignments which scarcely come as "a boon and a blessing" to the British farmer. In the letter, however, which he has recently contributed to the leading journal, wherein it occupies three columns, he has attempted to grapple with the difficulties of Irish agriculture in a spirit at once so practical and so reasonable as to render the document of State value. The question of Irish cattle-breeding for the British meat market is highly technical, yet when a yearly increase of profit to the extent of 14,620,367 is shown to be involved, and to be, under sound methods, perfectly realisable, the importance of the issue can scarcely be over-rated.

We shall have done enough in referring all readers interested in Ireland to the letter and the article thereon, which appear in the *Times* of December 26th.

PICTURESQUE SHRUBS fit to adorn the woodland and the covert, yet seldom grown, are the sloe, the red dogwood, and the English tamarisk. The beauty of the sloe flower in spring is very great, and yet is very little known. The common raspberry is extremely useful for coverts, and its fruit is much enjoyed by the birds. The raspberry will grow in very different soil, and is graceful in its natural untrained habit of growth. We often hear of a good binding grass being required. Such is to be found in the Sea Lyme Grass, which groups well with shrubs, takes good hold of the ground, and keeps a whole bed or corner well together. Its effect is good all the year round, and the somewhat somnolent Kyrle Society "for decreasing ugliness and propagating the beautiful" might do many things less practical than to plant our ugly railway embankments and innumerable patches of waste ground near towns with this hardy and graceful grass.

WHEAT GROWING is incidentally dealt with in the Government report on the cereals of 1889. Only incidentally, because the figures recently issued were simply directed to inform the country of the bulk of different cereals grown. But in giving the average yield to the acre the report opens up two very important inquiries:—1. Is the wheat land of the United Kingdom losing fertility? 2. Is the present average return per acre sufficient to pay for production at the present average price per bushel? These are the hares which the Government starts, but hitherto Sir John Lawes has been almost the only Englishman who has made a systematic attempt to pursue them. Only the other night we heard at the Farmers' Club of how 2,000l. of a Government grant to agricultural research had annually to be returned, because the utility of the experiments could not be shown. Why does not the Government, in conjunction with the "Royal" Society, or some such body, conduct with this two thousand pounds a series of experiments tending to show the average yield per acre of wheat under different forms of fertilisation, and the average profit or loss on such outlay and cultivation? The valuable experiments of Sir John Lawes have always stopped short at the very point of keenest interest to the farmer. The wealthy and generous squire of Rothamstead does not farm for profit, and his reports are those of a man of science. But what the farmer wants to know first of all is, whether or no he can grow wheat profitably at the present average price.

THE ROOT CROPS of 1889 will long be remembered for their richness, their succulence, and above all for their size. We continue to receive reports of gigantic roots being grown in every part of England, but the region where the big roots seem most the rule is the Western border from Gloucestershire up to Chester. A field of five acres of swedes belonging to Mr. Andrews, of Livingstonbury, Hereford, has yielded 35 tons 7 cwt. 3 qrs. 12 lb. per acre, and Mr. Cotterell, of Bristol, who has kept a table for many years of local growths, finds this to cap the last. Mr. Godwin, of Hampton Bishop, has grown nearly 34 tons to the acre; Mr. Lyddiard, of Dinedon Court, has got 45 tons 16 cwt. 1 qr. 20 lb. off an acre of turnips; and Mr. Barley, of Hampton Bishop, 44 tons. There must be something remarkably favourable to the root crops in Herefordshire soil.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES have increased considerably within the last four years, and now muster 759. There are 87 daily papers, 499 weeklies, and 173 monthly magazines and reviews.

THE WEATHER OF 1889

THE weather of 1889 may be best described by negatives. It was not a wet year. Three months only exceeded the monthly average of rain in London—February, May, and October, and in no case was the excess very great. Yet it was not a very dry season, like 1887. Even in the driest month, most places within the British Island received at least an inch of rain. It was not a warm year. The warmest day of the year in England was August 1st, and the shade thermometer only reached 86 deg. in London that day; and did not again reach 80 deg. till almost the close of the month. It was a very warm early summer in North Germany and in Southern Russia, too warm and too dry there for a good harvest to come after it, but we had no cause to speak of too much heat, either in the early or the later summer. Neither was it a cold year. We had no repetition of the untimely snow of June, 1888, or of the equally unseasonable cold of the middle of July of last year. There was no lengthened period of frost in the winter or spring, and the later frosts of November and December, though sharp, were not of long continuance. There were few violent gales in the course of the year, and a very marked absence of snow in all parts of the British Islands. The higher hills in Scotland never lost their snow-covering so early in the spring as they did in 1889, and even in the beginning of November there was no snow on the top of Ben Nevis itself, certainly an extremely rare event at that season.

Yet the mediocrity of the season was disappointing in many ways. It raised expectations which it did not fulfil. Thus the absence of frost in the spring months seemed to promise an early harvest, but the early harvest did not take place; and the moderate rainfall promised a more pleasant time in summer for out-of-door occupations and amusements than the summer actually gave.

January was an unusually mild and calm month. The little frost which was in it was almost wholly confined to the first week. On two days, the 5th and 6th, the shade thermometer in London did not rise to the freezing point; but, to compensate for them, it rose above 50 deg. on three days, the highest being 53 deg. on the 31st. The winds seem to have enjoyed a long sleep all throughout the month, and in many parts of the British Islands not a snow-flake was seen all throughout the month.

February brought a little snow to most places early in the month, and the winds awoke from their sleep of the previous month. There were three or four strong gales from the west and north in the first ten days of the month, yet none of them of sufficient force to cause serious damage either on sea or land. The shade thermometer rose in London above the freezing point on every day of the month, and on one day it was as high as 57 deg.

In March the winds to a great extent fell asleep again, and even the usual east winds of early spring did not blow with their ordinary vigour. There was one sharp spell of frost, lasting over four days, in the first week of the month; but that was all. With nearly an average amount of rain, and more than an average of sunshine, it was a good month for the farmer.

April was remarkable for the entire absence of the usual spring frosts. In scarcely a single place in the British Islands did the minimum thermometer touch the freezing point at the level of the sea. Yet, though the night was mild, the day was never very warm. There were no days of almost summer heat, such as April often gives us in anticipation of the brightness of the coming months. A good spring month.

May was a disappointment. The frost which did not come in April still held off, but in its place there came rain, while the sunshine of May was sometimes sadly to seek. In the course of the

CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM

IT CANNOT BE TOO WIDELY UNDERSTOOD THAT RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT, AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES

CURE
FOR
NEURALGIA

Are essentially INTERNAL complaints arising from the presence in the blood of Uric Acid, which has been checked at its natural exit, the pores of the skin, because these have become closed through exposure to cold or damp: hence the greater prevalence of these diseases at seasons and in localities where dampness and cold predominate. Such, briefly stated, is the whole secret of the complaints enumerated, to which may be added RHEUMATIC GOUT, FACEACHE, CRAMP, TIC-DOLOREUX, BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN, SCURVY SORES, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. It follows, therefore, that a remedy for the complaints specified to be thoroughly efficacious MUST be an INTERNAL Remedy, acting directly on the CAUSE. Such a Remedy is **KOPTICA**, the famous Persian Herbal Specific, guaranteed FREE from Strychnine, Arsenic, Colchicum, Belladonna, Henbane, Aconite, and all other injurious drugs, and can, therefore, be taken by the most delicate with the greatest confidence that it is thoroughly harmless. **KOPTICA**, by its wonderful solvent properties, disperses and eradicates the morbid conditions from which such diseases spring, scientifically combating the CAUSE, and must not be confounded with the numberless so-called EXTERNAL remedies upon which the uninstructed public waste their money, which only tinker with the EFFECT, without doing any material or permanent good.

KOPTICA
IS MARVELLOUSLY EFFICACIOUS IN
ALL CASES OF RHEUMATISM.
READ. READ. READ.

Mr. SAMUEL FRENCH, the well-known dramatic publisher, writes:—
"39, Strand, London, W.C.; April 13, 1889.
"To the Proprietors of **KOPTICA**.—Gentlemen,—About three years ago I was attacked with RHEUMATISM in my left knee so severely that it was with great difficulty I could attend to my business; my family doctor attended me for some time, but without affording me any relief. I then consulted an eminent specialist in Harley-street, and was under treatment for some time. I spared no expense to obtain relief, because, independent of the pain I suffered, I was terribly inconvenienced, and yet, after spending several pounds on doctors' fees and expenses, I found myself no better, but much reduced in strength by the treatment I had undergone. I therefore concluded that I was fated to be a long-time sufferer, and had so made up my mind, when an old friend who had tried **KOPTICA**, and knew its value, strongly advised me to try it. I was, as you may imagine, rather sceptical that such a simple possum, costing a mere trifle, could do for me what clever doctors and expensive treatment had failed to do; but my friend's faith was so strong that I was induced to purchase a bottle of **KOPTICA**, and commenced to take it in accordance with the directions. I did so much in the same spirit that a drowning man grasps at a straw, but feeling sure, from what my friend told me, that it could not do me any harm, I should it fail to relieve me. Judge then my surprise and gratitude when I found that within three days I was entirely free from pain, and have not since had a return. I was, of course, delighted, and lost no time in spreading the news amongst my own circle. One lady suffered from Neuralgia; I sent her a bottle of **KOPTICA**, and when next I met her her face was radiant with joy at the relief it had afforded her. Another friend, a gentleman, suffered from Rheumatism, and I sent him a bottle, with a similar result. I could enumerate quite a dozen similar instances within my own knowledge, besides many cases that I have heard of from others. With regard to myself, my knee has been entirely free since the time I refer to—now more than three years since; I felt a slight symptom in one of the toes of my right foot about three months ago, but a few doses of **KOPTICA** soon set that right; and I am now as active and energetic as a man of my age could expect to be. The experience I have endeavoured to describe has quite convinced me that **KOPTICA** is a thoroughly genuine and reliable remedy, at all events for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and kindred complaints."



KOPTICA. If you are suffering from any of the above ailments, send at once to your nearest Chemist for a bottle. It will afford you SPEEDY RELIEF. IT NEVER fails; and the trifling expenditure of 1s. 11d. will save you vast sums which would otherwise go to enrich the doctors. If your Chemist has not got **KOPTICA** in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; but if you have any difficulty, you had better send us the stamps for the amount, with 2d. extra for postage, and we will send you the sample bottle by return. **KOPTICA** is also put up in larger parcels, for family use, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, containing respectively six, twelve, and six times the smaller quantity. Send at once to your Chemist for a sample, or make a note of the address of the Sole Proprietors,
"KOPTICA CURE," 392, Strand, London, W.C.

KOPTICA
SPEEDILY ERADICATES RHEUMATIC
GOUT.
READ. READ. READ.

A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATIC GOUT.
"2, King-street, Camden Town; May 9, 1889.
"For some years past I have been a sufferer from Rheumatic Gout. About three weeks ago I had a very severe attack. I tried all the usual remedies without any good result. My son, Mr. C. H. Fox, of 25, Russell-street, Covent-garden, gave me a bottle of your **KOPTICA**, which I may say has acted like a charm. In forty-eight hours I was free from all pain. I am very grateful to you for this, and think I am only doing my duty by writing and letting you know.—Faithfully yours,
"CHARLOTTE FOX."

A gentleman sent a bottle of **KOPTICA** to a friend in California, and received the following characteristic acknowledgment, which he forwards us for publication.

"Los Galos, Santa Clara Co., California; April 28, 1889.
"Brother S.—Yours with **KOPTICA** came to hand in due time, and **KOPTICA** was received with much doubt and scepticism; but, as the 'ism' caught me in a few days, and it had come so far, I thought I would give it a chance, and did so—double doses at a time—and for some cause in two days was on deck. A few days after it came again, and I at once told **KOPTICA** to sail in, and experienced immediate relief. To-day it is on the other (left) side, and in milder form, and if 'K' knocks it over the ropes again, I shall be ready to present the belt and shout 'Long Live **KOPTICA**.'
"YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

Subsequently the same correspondent writes:—
"Los Angeles; May 6, 1889.
"Hurray for **KOPTICA**! I am more limber than I have been for many a year. If I could reduce my waistband ten or twenty inches, I would be ready to run in or after a foot race with anyone.
"YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

THESE ARE THE SORT OF LETTERS WE RECEIVE DAILY.

"COMPLETELY CURED."
Rev. D. G. DAVIS writes:—
"Shirenewton Rectory, Chesham, Mon.;
Nov. 23, 1889.
"Will you kindly send me three bottles of your **KOPTICA** CURE? One small bottle completely cured a labouring man who was suffering from violent neuralgia of head and face.—Yours truly,
"D. G. DAVIS (Rector)."

"ONE OF THE BEST CURES OF THE DAY."
Mr. G. H. BRINKWORTH, of Windsor, near
Stroud, Gloucester, wrote, on Oct. 30, 1889:—
"I find you have got a remedy for neuralgia. I have at present got a friend suffering from the most awful pain, so please send me a bottle of **KOPTICA**, for which I enclose stamps."

"AFTER TEN YEARS' PAIN AND MISERY."
"144, Colegrave-road, Stratford;
Sept. 30, 1889.
"Gentlemen,—Your remedy **KOPTICA** has proved a blessing to me, and no doubt will to numerous others. I have given it a month's trial, after ten years of pain and misery, brought about by kidney and liver troubles, the poison settling in my limbs. All other advertised remedies of no avail.—Yours respectfully,
"MCCAUSLAND."

IN SHORT, EVERY BOTTLE SOLD SECURES A TESTIMONIAL. THEY ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO PUBLISH HERE. WRITE FOR COPIES. SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

We have said enough to show that **KOPTICA** must not be confounded with the many bogus nostrums which are a cruel imposition upon the public, but that it is a genuine remedy which ought to be in every household for use when required; for it is without doubt the best and most reliable medicine of the age for the diseases named. **KOPTICA** can be obtained of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Ask your Chemist for **KOPTICA**, and if he has not got it in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; if not, send stamps, and 2d. extra for postage, to the Sole Proprietors,
"KOPTICA CURE," 392, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

LUMBAGO
CURED

SCIATICA
CURED



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa makes a delicious beverage for Breakfast or Supper, and owing to its nutritious and sustaining properties will be found eminently suited for those who require a light yet strengthening beverage. Half a Teaspoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of most delicious Cocoa.

TO SECURE THIS ARTICLE ASK FOR "FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA."

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1889. FORTY-ONE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE MAKERS,
J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, & SYDNEY, N.S.W.

December was again a mild month on the whole, though in the opening days, and again just at the close, the frost held sway. A stormy month on the Atlantic, but rather foggy and calm in England. Rain below the average in most places, though slightly over the average in the West of Ireland and the North of Scotland.

in training.

FOOTBALL.—Neither of the Southern Association Clubs fared well in its Northern tour. The Casuals, who have been very energetic of late, putting into the field on Boxing Day no fewer than four teams, have met with disaster after disaster; while the Corinthians, despite having a very strong team, have succumbed to both Preston North End and Durham County. Their reserves, however, easily defeated Southport Central, and King's Park, Stirling. In League matches, Preston North End have played a draw with West Bromwich Albion, who also drew with Wolverhampton Wanderers. The last-named succumbed to Blackburn Rovers, who in their turn were defeated by Everton. Rugbywise, the most important news is that there is some chance of the International quarrel being com-

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Vernon and his brother-cricketers continue to pursue their victorious way in India. They beat an eleven of Calcutta by nine wickets, though the locals put together more than 200 in their first innings, and afterwards made 287 for nine wickets against a team representing All Bengal.—Interest in the late prize-fight is gradually dying out. In response to an appeal for Slavin, some 300*l.* has been collected, while that dread tribunal, the Pelican Club, is threatening all sorts of things against all who aided and abetted in the ruffianly attack upon him. Whether the atmosphere of the “ring” will be purified by all this thunder remains to be seen.—O'Connor, as the last man beaten by Searle, has claimed the Sculling Championship of the World, and wants Stansbury and Teemer to join him in a sweepstake and prove which is the best man.—A ladies' cycling club is the latest novelty. Its head-quarters are at 23, Broadway, Hammersmith; its colours—most important, this—green and gold; and its hon. sec., Miss E. Levi. On January 6th, a preliminary meeting, followed by a musical “at home,” will be held; similar entertainments, varied by an occasional “Cinderella,” will be given during the off season, and during the summer club runs will be frequently indulged in.

A NEW HELMET is being served out to the French cavalry. It is much lighter than the old kind, while the copper ornaments do not tarnish, and each regiment is distinguished by a different symbol at the crest of the helmet, the hussars, for instance, wearing a lion. The tricolour cockade also appears for the first time on a French helmet.

Major W. CHRISTIE.

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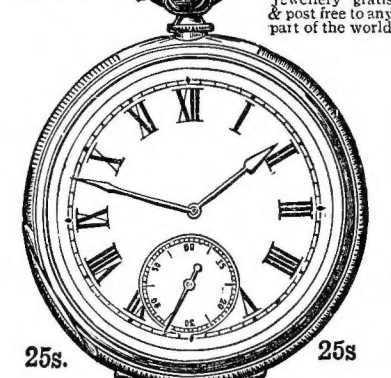
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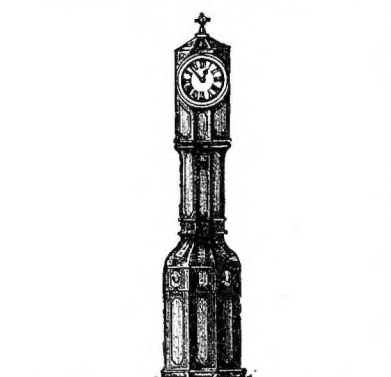
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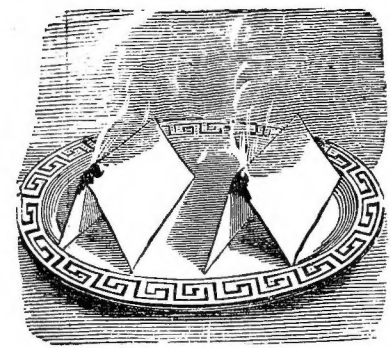


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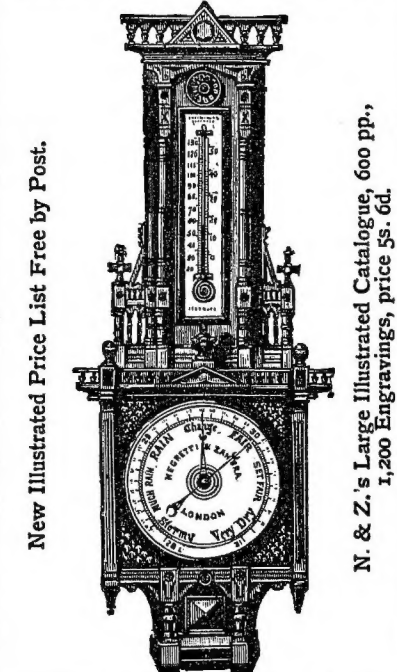


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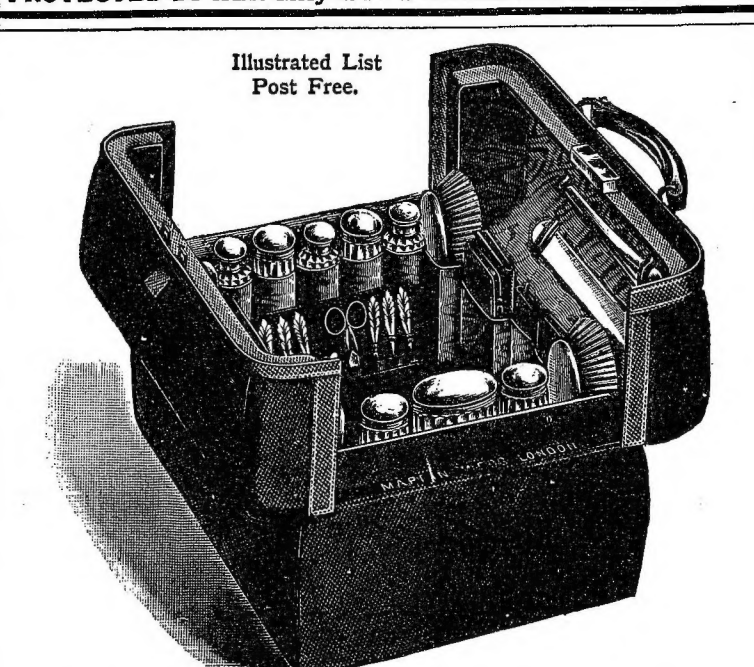
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BEFORE IT REACHES THE LUNGS
By taking a small Bottle of
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TELEGRAMS FROM BERLIN AND VIENNA state "that the Epidemic of Influenza, which has been playing such havoc in Russia, has now spread to Germany and Austria, and will shortly make its appearance in England."
FORTIFY YOURSELVES
Against the attacks of this and all diseases by using the pleasant and refreshing
SALT REGAL
Heads of Families NEED HAVE NO FEAR of Infectious Diseases for themselves or their children if they will use **SALT REGAL.** Influenza, Fevers, Malaria, Cholera, and the like are harmless to those who use **SALT REGAL.** See Analysis and authentic Testimonials with every Bottle.
The Press and Public declare **SALT REGAL** to be a pleasant and refreshing **SAFEGUARD AGAINST DISEASE.** There is no preparation like it in the world.
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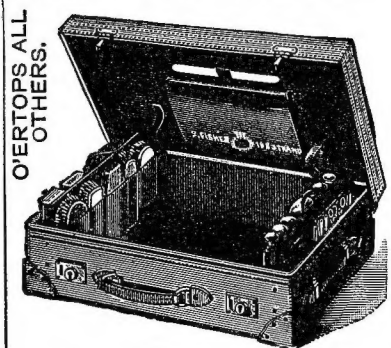
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